

896  
RY.  
to the  
eyes,  
ty of  
pert  
e.  
d.  
k  
th,  
le,  
this  
arge  
age  
fer  
c of  
"It  
Disraeli  
tten  
these  
all  
an  
riter  
his  
des  
1 in  
will  
of  
can  
ness  
perce  
ver  
ing  
ties  
with  
dea  
  
en-  
sed  
by  
ned  
is  
the  
to  
the  
ing  
d.  
lay  
lia,  
for  
said  
be  
en  
the  
nts  
ved  
om-  
no-  
y-  
ant  
and  
of  
=

PUBLIC LIBRARY

# The Saturday Review

No. 2104, Vol. 81.

22 February, 1896.

Price 6d.

## CONTENTS.

NOTES : RHODES HAS CONFESSED.	PAGE	THE OPENING OF THE WEST RIVER.	PAGE	REVIEWS :	PAGE
LEADING ARTICLES :		Archibald R. Colquhoun	193	Constantinople . . . . .	202
Mr. Balfour's New Rule . . . . .	188	A February Roundel. By Algernon Charles Swinburne . . . . .	194	The Eternal Jew . . . . .	203
The New French Revolution . . . . .	188	At the Crystal Palace. By J. F. R. . . . .	197	France and England in America, 1697-1763 . . . . .	204
Irish Education . . . . .	190	Two Plays. By G. B. S. . . . .	198	Lyrical Verse from Elizabeth to Victoria . . . . .	205
SPECIAL ARTICLES :		Money Matters: New Issues, &c. . . . .	199	The History of Modern Painting . . . . .	206
American Anglophobia. By Professor Goldwin Smith . . . . .	190	Italian Pictures in the Berlin Museum . . . . .	201	Under Crescent and Star . . . . .	207
Has Dr. Nansen reached the North Pole? By Sir George Nares, K.C.B. . . . .	192			In Scarlet and Silk . . . . .	207
The New Factory Act. By Bernard Shaw . . . . .	192			Fiction . . . . .	208
				New Books and Reprints . . . . .	209
				ADVERTISEMENTS . . . . .	210-215

## RHODES HAS CONFESSED.

THE following telegram has reached us from the Editor, who is at Capetown:—"I have drawn Hofmeyr's attention to Chamberlain's statement that 'he believed Mr. Rhodes was ignorant of Dr. Jameson's intention to invade the Transvaal.' Hofmeyr said, 'Then Rhodes must have been less frank in interviews with Chamberlain than in those he had with me after his resignation.'

In order to appreciate the full significance of this most important telegram, it should be remembered that Mr. Hofmeyr is the head of the Dutch party which is dominant at the Cape at the present moment, and that he is thus the virtual ruler of South Africa. His words therefore carry with them the weight of the highest authority and influence in South Africa. Nor is it at all probable that Mr. Hofmeyr made use of any exaggeration in his statement. He is not an enemy of Mr. Rhodes; on the contrary, he has been for many years Mr. Rhodes's intimate friend and trusted ally. His words may therefore be regarded as untainted by the least suspicion of political partisanship. And his words can only mean one thing: that Mr. Rhodes, speaking openly with him about the Jameson raid, frankly admitted that he was aware of Dr. Jameson's intention to invade the Transvaal, and that he (Mr. Rhodes) was thus responsible for the disaster at Krugersdorp. This remarkable confirmation of the Editor's telegram in our last issue we recommend to Mr. Chamberlain's careful consideration. We wonder what he will have to say about the responsibility for the Jameson raid.

We will now quote for the benefit of our readers Mr. Chamberlain's actual words, taken from the "Times" report: "I say, to the best of my knowledge and belief, that everybody, that Mr. Rhodes, that the Chartered Company, that the Reform Committee at Johannesburg, and the High Commissioner were all equally ignorant of the intention or action of Dr. Jameson. That is the belief which I express to the House after having carefully examined all the statements of all the parties concerned."

We take it that the last shred of Sir Jacobus de Wet's reputation is staked upon the question, Did President Kruger apply to Germany for aid or did he not? Sir Jacobus de Wet says that he did; Baron von Marschall says that he did not. If President Kruger did nothing of the kind, then Sir Jacobus de Wet seriously misled Lord Salisbury; and, taken together with the rest of his performances, it constitutes ample reason for relieving him of his official duties forthwith.

It would be interesting to know in what regiment Captain Thatcher holds or has ever held the rank of

captain. He was, we are informed, at one time a trooper in the 17th Lancers; and he is, we believe, at present an honorary lieutenant in some colonial corps. But what right has this talkative trooper to style himself captain?

Mr. James Lowther will be the champion of private members' rights on the Conservative side, when Mr. Balfour's rule comes on for discussion on Monday. A "cave" is rapidly being formed of gentlemen who disapprove on principle of any time-limit being applied to the voting of Estimates. Mr. James Lowther has had a longer experience of Parliamentary procedure than any other unofficial member of the House, and he will be supported by some Conservatives whose motives are above suspicion, and who know quite as much about the rules as any of the Ministers. Mr. Bright, who imported the Cave of Adullam into politics, used to say that "all those who were discontented" repaid thither. But it is absurd to accuse those who object to Mr. Balfour's plan of being discontented. Mr. James Lowther, for instance, wants nothing from anybody. Mr. Balfour is willing to extend his time-limit to any number of days that the House likes to fix. But it is the whole principle that is objected to.

Even those who most vehemently differed from his conclusion admit that Mr. John Redmond's speech on the Dynamiters was a very fine oratorical performance. Mr. John Redmond has all the physical qualifications for success in a popular assembly—a flexible and sonorous voice, a handsome person, and the command of a flowing and dignified vocabulary. Mr. John Morley has been heard to say that Mr. Redmond was the second best speaker in the House of Commons; and this confession was made at a time when Mr. Gladstone and Mr. David Plunket were amongst its members. Now that those two orators have gone, it would be hard to say who are Mr. Redmond's superiors. Talking of Parliamentary success, there is a story that Mr. Disraeli once said of Sir William Harcourt, "He has the three essential qualifications for success in politics—a fine person, a loud voice, and no principles." This saying was repeated to Sir William Harcourt, who observed that, "leaving out the first two qualifications, it might almost be applied to 'Dizzy' himself."

There was really more in Mr. Redmond's argument than the ordinary Conservative is willing to admit. We can hardly be accused of sympathy with dynamiters, but the fact remains that those men were accused and convicted of a political offence—namely, treason-felony—and we take it that a man who is convicted of a political offence is a political offender. Under the old law a man found guilty of treason could only be hanged or

pardoned. To meet the cases where the jury would not hang and the Crown would not pardon, treason-felony, punishable with penal servitude for life, was invented. It would have been much better if Daly and Co. had been tried under the Explosives Act, for an offence against which they might have been sentenced, we believe, to twenty years. But Crown lawyers consider it easier to get a conviction under the treason-felony Act, and for that reason prefer it. This is a pity, for it gives the friends of the dynamiters the chance of raising the cry of "political offenders," and invests them, in the eyes of some people, with a false halo of martyrdom.

Mr. John Dillon's long-cherished ambition is gratified at last. He is not only Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party, but he has succeeded in getting the party to dispense with an Executive Committee as well. The way in which this was managed is extremely characteristic of Dillonite methods. The party was led to believe that Mr. Sexton would accept the Chairmanship, if it were offered to him freed from the embarrassment of a supervising Committee, and upon this understanding the Committee was abolished. When this had been done, it was discovered that Mr. Sexton had never had any idea of becoming Chairman, and that Mr. Dillon was the only person who profited by the intrigue. In good time the considerations which determined Mr. Sexton's action in this typically Irish proceeding will no doubt be revealed. There is no need to wait for fresh light upon the motives of the rank-and-file of the party who voted for Mr. Dillon. He carries the cheque-book of the organization, and the majority of his supporters draw pay from the party treasury—when it happens to contain any money.

The London Liberal papers, still wrapped in that profound ignorance of Irish politics which has done so much during the past ten years to thwart all the objects of the Gladstonian Irish alliance, print long eulogies of Mr. Dillon as a patriot, a scholar, and a statesman. They could hardly have found more admiring phrases if they were describing a Daniel O'Connell or a Charles Stewart Parnell. The truth is that Mr. Dillon is the thinnest and poorest sort of political pretender. Mr. Parnell used openly to sneer at his intelligence, and never pretended to believe in his loyalty. Whatever he has done of his own initiative in Irish politics has had to be disavowed by the party later on, and it owes its practical bankruptcy to-day more to his silly and ruinous Plan of Campaign than to any other one cause. Some of his eulogists admit that he has not invariably displayed the wisdom of the serpent; but they lay all the more stress on his dovelike freedom from guile. We should like further evidence on that point. A year ago, when the incident of Lord Tweedmouth's cheque precipitated a crisis in the Irish party, Mr. Dillon deliberately defended his own position by a statement which was altogether untrue. The disclosure of this fact was so swift and complete that it was taken for granted that Mr. Dillon could not remain in public life. But a party which draws sessional salaries takes lenient views of these matters, it seems.

Nothing exasperated the Irish more, during the last Parliament, than the unbending attitude of Mr. John Morley on the vexed question of the Christian Brothers' Schools. It is related of Mr. Labouchere that he once remonstrated with the then Chief Secretary upon this subject. "Morley," he is reported to have said, "I have schooled myself to comprehend the workings of the Nonconformist conscience, and by long practice am able to adapt myself pretty well to its vagaries. At least, I no longer complain much about them. But when it comes to your — atheistic conscience, it is more than a simple Christian like myself can stand at any price."

We were the first to congratulate the "Times" and Englishmen generally upon the fact that at last a journalist of the first rank was to go to New York and remove the ancient reproach that we knew more about the daily affairs of Macedonia or Siam than about what the larger half of the English-speaking race were think-

ing and doing. This may warrant us now, perhaps, in raising the question whether Mr. Smalley is not giving us rather too much about Venezuela. It is all highly interesting, beyond doubt, but we are not so clear about its service to the two nations concerned. When Englishmen see, day in and day out, a regular column or more cabled on this one subject, with no suggestion that America has a thought about anything else, they get a distorted conception of the whole business.

Another "Times" Correspondent, upon whose employment we do not recall ever having congratulated anybody, has long provoked comment of a different sort. How is it that M. de Blowitz is permitted, year after year, to champion every French politician who falls under suspicion of feathering his own nest, and to make the "Times" correspondence from Paris a veritable battery of abuse against everybody who sets his face against corruption in French politics? Over a year ago we drew attention to his attempts to create sympathy for Captain Dreyfus, that blackest of traitorous knaves, who lacked even the poor excuse of poverty for his crime. It is impossible to close one's eyes to the fact that the same highly Semitized financial ring which evolved Dreyfus and Baron Reinach is shown to be connected somehow with every fresh scandal unearthed in French political life; and as surely as night follows day we find M. de Blowitz turning up as its apologist and defender. Is the "Times" too busily occupied in case-making for its own Ecksteins and Barnatos to take note of what is going on in Paris?

The London Conservative members showed a very proper spirit in electing the Hon. Frederick Smith to be their Chairman, and in refusing to vote for Sir Horace Farquhar. The candidature of the latter, it must be said, had little or no justification. Sir Horace Farquhar is not a Conservative, he has only been in Parliament six months, and he has in that short time distinguished himself by making the poorest speech that was delivered during the Debate on the Address, which is saying a good deal. Had the Conservatives not been able to produce a man of their own, or had Sir Horace Farquhar shown any conspicuous ability or knowledge of London politics, there might have been some excuse for running him. But the Conservatives were ready with Mr. Smith, and neither on the County Council, the London Municipal Society, nor in the House of Commons, has Sir Horace Farquhar shown any pre-eminent business talents or grasp of London questions. Under these circumstances his opposition to Mr. Smith was almost indecent. The party wire-pullers ran Sir Horace Farquhar hard, but the Metropolitan Conservatives had evidently made up their minds not to be nobbled.

Europe is in a position just now of rather cringing subjection to Russia's whims. Nothing could be done to save the Armenians, simply because Russia objected. The Armenian Blue-books show that at every point it was the Russian veto which compelled the other Powers to stand by and witness the horrors of riot and massacre in Anatolia in shame-faced but powerless inaction. On the other hand, when Russia is in the mood for having things done, we all hasten to gratify it. The Tsar and Sultan had but to signify that they wished Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria recognized, in payment for the murder of Stambuloff and the "conversion" of his own firstborn, and the Courts of Europe jostled one another in their eagerness to forward the necessary documents. It is not a wholly pleasant reflection, but it is true.

What on earth is the meaning of the addition of Lord James of Hereford to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council? Surely it cannot mean that his lordship is tired of doing nothing at the office of the Duchy of Lancaster. If so, the nation is to be congratulated on the prospect of getting some judicial service in return for the £2,000 a year it pays to the new peer with the episcopal title. But there is another reason suggested by some mad wits, which we hesitate to repeat, lest we should be committed for contempt. It is whispered that the most important Appeal Court

in the Empire, where Indian and Colonial cases are heard, requires strengthening, and at present, wherever there is a weak spot in the Empire, "apply a Liberal-Unionist" is the invariable prescription. There are yet other commentators who say that the appointment has been made in order to qualify Lord James of Hereford to sit as a Lord of Appeal in the House of Lords. By statute no peer can assist in hearing appeals unless he has filled "high judicial office," which includes membership of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. We have no idea what is the true inwardness of this appointment: we only mention these theories to show how much speculation has been excited by the news that Lord James of Hereford is about to do something.

Ten days hence the President of France is to pay a visit to the Emperor of Austria at Mentone. The event might be treated as a matter of ordinary courtesy, if there were not so many indications that new alliances are in the air. The dream of a West European combination is not so fantastic a vision after all. The French were at their highest point of prosperity and influence in the days when they comprehended the practical utility of this ideal, and sought English and Italian friendships. Circumstances have liberated Austro-Hungary from its old subservience to the ambitions of Berlin and St. Petersburg, and there are plenty of reasons why Vienna to-day would welcome an understanding instead with Paris, Rome, and London. Such great changes are not made easily or offhand, but the conditions at the moment are such as possibly to invest a private conversation between President Faure and the Emperor Francis Joseph with much significance.

Some interest has been aroused by the statement that several Liberal-Unionist members of Parliament are shortly about to be elected to the Carlton Club. Mr. Kemp, member for the Heywood division of Lancashire, has admitted in a newspaper that such is the fact as regards himself; but he denies with much emphasis that he has gone over to the Conservative party, and declares that he is still a Liberal-Unionist. We confess we do not understand this business. The Duke of Devonshire announced quite recently that the Liberal-Unionists did not intend to fuse themselves with the Conservatives, but meant to maintain a separate political organization. Now, the Carlton is a strictly political club, so strict that strangers are not admitted beyond the hall, for fear, presumably, that they might overhear the mystic talk of whips and wire-pullers. Nay, more: periodical meetings of the Conservative party are held in the smoking-room, and to these none but members of the Conservative party in either House of Parliament are admitted, even members of the club who are not peers or M.P.s being excluded. How, then, can gentlemen belonging to a separate party, which maintains "a separate political organization," join this club? We are sure that Mr. Kemp would be a most desirable addition to the Carlton; but we think the situation requires explaining.

So far as its rules go the Carlton submits its candidates to no political test. The Junior Carlton does, for every member is required to sign a declaration of adherence to the Conservative party. Mr. Gladstone remained a member of the Carlton long after he had ceased to act with the Conservative party, and he was one evening discovered by a party of young Tory bloods calmly reading in an upper chamber. The story runs that the young Tories, who had probably dined, threatened to throw him out of the window: at any rate there was a scene, and Mr. Gladstone took his name off the club. The second Sir Robert Peel, who stood as a Home Ruler in 1886, remained a member after the election, and was allowed to withdraw of his own accord. Mr. W. J. Evelyn, who resigned his seat at Deptford in the '86 Parliament, because he objected to Coercion, was never asked to withdraw from the club, but did so of his own accord. The only member who was ever expelled from the Carlton was the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, and that was for levying war against the Queen. But it is, of course, a different thing to turn a member out who

has changed his views, and to admit one who belongs to a party with "a separate political organization."

If the inaugural address of the new Professor of Poetry at Oxford be any criterion of the state of feeling in the University, those who have for the last ten years been fighting the battle of Literature *versus* Philology, and contending that it is the function of our Universities not simply to be nurseries for specialists, but to be centres of national culture, have reason to congratulate themselves. The new Professor speaks with no uncertain voice. "Year by year," he says, "the Universities send to the Bar, to the public services, and to journalism large numbers of young men who help to form public opinion, and it is a matter of the highest national importance that the taste of this important element of society should be guided in a good school, and not left to drift at the mercy of such an anarchical maxim as *De gustibus non est disputandum*." Such a conception of the functions of a University and of University Chairs, though it ought long ago to have been self-evident even to platitude, has probably never found expression before in the theatres or class-rooms of Oxford. We accept the omen, and we heartily wish Professor Courthope all success. At the end of his address he informed his audience that it was his intention to take as his standard the principle recommended by Pericles—namely, to "pursue culture in a manly spirit." We trust that he will do so—and in another sense also than the sense intended by him, that he will have the courage of his opinions and raise his voice against that party in Oxford who have been guilty of the high treason of severing the study of our own literature from that of classical literature.

Mr. Thomas Raleigh, who has been appointed Registrar of the Privy Council in succession to Mr. George Faber, is a Fellow of All Souls', and a law lecturer at Oxford. When an undergraduate, he belonged to the famous "intellectual set" at Balliol, which comprised Mr. Asquith, Sir Alfred Milner, Mr. T. H. Warren, and Mr. H. Paul of Corpus. Mr. Raleigh was President of the Union, where he made many able speeches, remarkable for the cold, dry, logical style which never left him, and which distinguished his literary and professorial work in after life. Mr. Raleigh has been called to the Bar, but has never held himself out for practice. He unsuccessfully contested a division of Edinburgh in the Liberal-Unionist interest; he is about forty-five years old, and he always acts upon the assumption that every man has a Scotchman inside him. He has passed from ambition, which is wishing to get £1,200 a year, and from Opposition, which is trying to get £1,200 a year, into the paradise of Government, which is getting £1,200 a year.

Mr. Astor has got rid of Mr. Cust, but an interesting and curious legacy from the period when the "Pall Mall Gazette" was written by gentlemen for gentlemen remains. Lady Henry Somerset, perhaps because she is not a gentleman, failed to perceive the humour in that paper's comments on the failure of her attempt to provide a decent and comfortable old age for Jane Cakewalk, and accordingly is bringing a suit against Mr. Astor, with damages laid at £5,000.

For over a hundred years no President of the Royal Academy has been chosen on the ground of his paramount excellence as a painter. Reynolds was elected, as it were, by acclamation on that ground; and on Thursday Sir John Millais's election took place on that ground too. During the long interval between these two series of business agents, or masters of the ceremonies, have succeeded, in spite of remarkable advantages, in extinguishing the genuine artistic enthusiasm with which connoisseurs and artists at first hailed the advent of the Academy. We doubt whether it can be revived. If it can, nothing will do it so quickly as the sight of a man whose master-passion is the art he practises, at the head of a body of men who themselves practise that art. The selection of Sir John Millais may do much to restore prestige to the Academy. Another "business" or "man of the world" President would have been fatal to it.

## MR. BALFOUR'S NEW RULE.

IT is an historical but generally overlooked fact that the original function of the Faithful Commons was the granting of supplies to the Crown. In the Tudor days the business of the burgesses and knights of the shire was to vote money for the King's service and to hold their tongues. In the time of the Stuarts there crept in the unkingly notion that grievances should be stated before supplies were granted. This idea was embodied in the old Standing Order of the House of Commons that whenever the question was put that "Mr. Speaker do now leave the Chair" for the purpose of going into Committee of Supply, any member might move as an amendment a resolution on any subject under the sun. As the passion for political discussion grew with the extension of the franchise, the rule became an abuse; for abstract resolutions elbowed out Supply, and night after night the Government failed to get the Speaker out of the Chair in time to get any money. New Standing Orders were, therefore, passed in 1882 and 1888, by which private members were deprived of the right of moving amendments to the motion to go into Supply on Mondays and Thursdays, except "on first going into Supply on the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Estimates respectively"; but their privilege remained unimpaired whenever Supply was set down on Friday. We must apologize for these technical details; but they are necessary to understand Mr. Balfour's new Rule, which proposes a further infringement of the right of private members to state grievances before voting Supplies. Mr. Balfour now proposes to take away twenty Fridays from private members, and to set them apart for the discussion and voting of the Estimates. Whenever the Government set down Supply for Friday the Speaker is to leave the Chair without motion made or question put. The Government do not preclude themselves from putting down Supply, as heretofore, on Mondays and Thursdays; but, as we have already pointed out, no previous discussion is allowed on those days, and, besides, the Government admit that it is their intention to substitute Fridays for Mondays and Thursdays as Supply nights. All the Estimates must be voted by 5 August.

Mr. Balfour's object, of course, is excellent, and is based on experience. Governments eager to carry a big programme keep on putting off the prosaic business of Supply till after Whitsuntide. Sometimes cunning Secretaries to the Treasury deliberately postpone it to the dog-days, because they know that they will then get their votes with the minimum of argument. Members themselves contribute to the evil by discussing the earlier votes at inordinate length. At last towards the end of July comes the final crush, and tens of millions are voted in an evening by a listless and depleted Committee. It is to remedy these evils by spreading the discussion of Estimates over the whole Session, and by assuring that one sitting a week shall be automatically devoted to this end, that Mr. Balfour asks the House of Commons once more to alter its rules.

There are three questions to which the House will address itself on Monday—namely, whether the discussion of Estimates ought to be limited, whether twenty days are sufficient for the purpose, and whether it is desirable to further curtail the rights of private members. The new Rule is practically the closure of Supply, and that is a new departure. Of course a particular vote in Supply, like a particular clause in a Bill, can now be closed. But this is a proposal to compress all the Estimates into a compartment of a particular length, and will necessitate the voting of whole classes of votes *en bloc*, and without discussion. That such a procedure might, and very often would, be destructive of anything like effective criticism is a serious objection; but there is a far deeper and wider constitutional objection than this. The power of withholding or delaying Supply is very often the only weapon in the hands of an Opposition struggling with an unscrupulous or oppressive Government. The power of the purse is everything, as our ancestors well knew. The Majority is the tyrant of modern times. The Executive Government has taken the place of the king, and it will be an evil day for the House of Commons when it delivers itself, stripped of its natural weapon of defence, into the hands

of any Administration, of whatever colour. Suppose, under the new rule, Supply to be finished by 5 August. What further control has the House of Commons over the Government? Practically none. The Government might then proceed to play almost any pranks it chose. The teeth of the Opposition would be drawn. We live in peaceful times now, when such a constitutional safeguard as the discussion of grievances before granting Supply seems a survival from past centuries. But we shall not always live in peaceful times. Property, the Church, the House of Lords, even the Monarchy itself, will not always be so secure as they are now. It is a sound maxim of political philosophy that a nation should maintain constitutional forms, even when their use is least apparent. When a revolution comes, these constitutional forms are found to be invaluable bulwarks against violence and surprise. Very likely the new rule would not be abused so long as a Conservative Government is in power. But how would it be with a disestablishing, down-with-the-Lords, death-duty Government in office?

As to the amount of time set apart for the Estimates, let us see how the question stands. Under the head of Supply Services there come eight classes of Estimates—(1) Army, (2) Ordnance, (3) Navy, (4) Civil Service, (5) Customs and Inland Revenue, (6) Post Office, (7) Telegraph Service, (8) Post Office Packet Service. The amount voted for these services last year was £67,276,000. Of the twenty days proposed by Mr. Balfour for voting this huge sum of money it is obvious that only eighteen are really available, because the nineteenth day is to be given up to passing *seriatim* the votes that still remain uncarried, while the twentieth day is to be occupied by the Speaker reporting all the votes to the House. Now, £67,276,000 spread over eighteen days means the voting of £3,737.555 a day, and taking a sitting at eight hours, it means the voting of £467.184 an hour. This is pretty smart work, and we do not like smartness applied to finance, especially when we remember the celebrated saying that finance depends upon policy.

The constitutional rights of private members are an ancient grievance, to which the various parties in the House of Commons may be trusted to do full justice on Monday. The Whips argue that private members will have more time than before under the New Rule. If Mr. Balfour gets his Fridays, it is to be a point of honour that members are to be left in undisturbed possession of Tuesdays and Wednesdays; whereas formerly, whenever a Government was pinched, it moved to take "the whole time of the House." Granted that members are to be left with Tuesdays for Motions and Bills and Wednesdays for Bills: is it enough? Enough assuredly it is for the kind of work that is done in the House of Commons on private members' nights; for, with all respect, that work, whether it be legislative or whether it be merely lyrical, is not as a rule of a high order. We do not think that three days out of the five are an excessive allowance for the Government, which is responsible to the country for the management of its business. The real reason why many members support private members' nights is that the House is so often counted out on those occasions. There are so many vehicles for the ventilation of views of all sorts in these days that the private member with a fad can easily find as good a platform as the floor of Parliament. Private members' rights are too often private members' vanities. By all means, therefore, let the Government take Fridays for Supply, but let them set apart all Fridays, and not a limited number of Fridays. The principle of a time-limit for Supply should be, and we are glad to hear will be, vigorously resisted as a most dangerous innovation, foreign to the spirit of our Constitution and fatal to the liberty of Parliament.

## THE NEW FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THIRTEEN months ago the French Chamber of Deputies took its first definite step toward the overthrow of the Constitution of the Republic. The immediate results of this step were the destruction of the Dupuy Ministry, the retirement of M. Casimir-Perier from the Elysée, and the fusion of the various

fractional parties of the Left into the aggressive force which now dominates the Chamber and terrorizes the politics of France ; and the circumstances surrounding the action are worth recalling, because the crisis of to-day is a direct and logical outgrowth of the convulsion of January 1895.

Then as now it was a Southern railway scandal which served as a pretext for revolutionary action. To summarize as briefly as possible, a question arose upon the Government's responsibility for the interest on the bonds of the Orleans and Midi Railway Companies after 1914. There was no room for doubt that the intention of the Government, when it gave its guarantee to these bonds in 1883, was to limit its operation to thirty years. This limitation was not, however, expressly stated in the drafting of the conventions, and the Companies proceeded upon the theory that the guarantee must therefore extend through the lifetime of the conventions—that is to say, for eighty years. Upon this understanding the bonds rose to a great premium in the market, and it was openly alleged that the officials who winked at the omission of the limiting clause from the agreement divided the profits of the transaction. Finally, when the Panama revelations had stimulated popular interest in political knavery to a sufficient degree, this eleven-year-old scandal was dug up, and the Ministry decided that the guarantee on the bonds should expire in thirty years, no matter what the letter of the agreement said. An appeal was taken to the Conseil d'Etat ; and that body, after long deliberation, decided by a majority of one in favour of the Railways. This decision was announced on Saturday, 12 January, and on that same day a brother of the Councillor whose vote thus decided the award was given a post of importance in the service of one of the Railways. These two facts became known on Sunday, and on Monday the Chamber of Deputies annulled the decree, with the result that the Ministry resigned and M. Casimir-Perier flung away the Presidency.

"This is revolution !" was the remark with which M. Dupuy, the defeated and retiring Premier, met this action of the Chamber. The statement exaggerated nothing. The Constitution explicitly declares that the decrees of the Council of State are final. Neither Parliament nor the President possesses the slightest shadow of a right to question or ignore them. But the Chamber of Deputies deliberately took it upon itself to set aside the decision of the Council of State, in open defiance of the Constitution ; and it has never since reversed its action. A new President was chosen and a new compromise Cabinet formed, and the machinery of government was set going again, the difference being that the Chamber had usurped the functions given by the Constitution to the Council of State, and showed no intention of relinquishing them.

So much has happened in France during the year that this performance on the part of the Chamber, which M. Casimir-Perier cited as a reason for resigning the Presidency, seems now almost wholly forgotten. It was pointed out at the time that if the Chamber could thus override the Constitution in the matter of the Council, there was nothing to prevent its doing what it liked with the President and the Senate as well. These latter have their duties and prerogatives clearly defined by the Constitution, it is true ; but so had the unlucky Council of State.

So far as the Radical-Socialist combination responsible for this grave step at the beginning of last year cared to justify its action, it relied upon the plea that the "rights of the State" were paramount to all other considerations. This formula, contained in the Order of the Day which defeated M. Dupuy, signified the Chamber's confidence that, so long as its opponents were accused or suspected of corruption and political venality, it would be upheld by France in fighting them with any and all weapons, constitutional or otherwise.

It is this same confidence which now inspires M. Bourgeois and his Ministerial colleagues in the open and determined stand they have taken against the Senate. This remarkable Cabinet has maintained itself in power much longer than its most sanguine friends could have imagined possible at the outset. It is made up entirely of Radicals, and that party musters on a strict division something less than one-fifth of the total number of

deputies. Even with the aid of the Socialists, M. Bourgeois is very far from having a majority of avowed supporters in the Chamber. But he has something else which serves quite as well—a firm grasp of the documentary evidence which could send a hundred or more of the Moderate and "Rallied" Republicans to prison whenever he chose to use it. The persuasive powers of this argument are very great. They have sufficed to maintain for him an almost servile majority in the Chamber. Once or twice, when it has shown signs of mutiny, some bold and menacing action of his, like the dismissal of M. Christophe from the Crédit Foncier, or the arrest of Arton, has sufficed to bring the wavering Deputies to heel again. A week ago all the papers in Paris predicted in the morning that he would be beaten in the Chamber that day. Before nightfall he had obtained a vote of confidence from the frightened Lower House which could hardly have been more striking if it had been unanimous. It is always possible, of course, that the majority, which is at heart bitterly hostile to him, may summon the courage to combine and strike him down ; but thus far, though the Senate has given a spirited lead in this direction, the Chamber remains too cowed for resistance.

The issue raised between the Cabinet and Chamber, on one side, and the Senate on the other is one of extreme simplicity. When the present Minister of Justice, M. Ricard, took office, he discovered that some mysterious influence was paralysing the judicial investigation into the scandals surrounding the Southern Railway. He satisfied himself that the magistrate in charge was not doing his duty, and replaced him by an official in whom he had more confidence. The dismissed magistrate is a nephew of Senator Trystram, the millionaire petroleum refiner, and a prominent figure in the group of politico-financiers who ruled France under Presidents Carnot and Casimir-Perier, and who still control the Senate. This body, under their guidance, last week took up this change of magistrates, and passed a vote of censure upon M. Ricard. In its constitutional effect, this action was a demand on the part of the Senate that either M. Ricard should be dismissed from the Ministry or the Ministry itself should resign. The Ministry calmly decided to accept neither horn of the dilemma, but to refuse to recognize the power of the Senate in any way to affect the existence or policy of a Ministry, so long as it had a majority in the Chamber. It should be borne in mind that our own Parliamentary institutions furnish no analogy to those of France. The British House of Lords cannot, in practice, turn out a Ministry any more than it can originate a money Bill. But the French Senate suffers no such limitations. It has the power of initiative in financial legislation and supply equally with the Chamber, and under the Constitution shares with that body the prerogative of making a Cabinet impossible by refusing its confidence. The Sixth Article of the Constitution expressly declares that the Ministry is responsible to both Chambers.

This denial, then, of the Senate's right to participate in the making and unmaking of Governments is as clearly a defiance of the Constitution as was the reversal of the Conseil d'Etat's decree a year ago. But it has the same popular justification, in that the Ministry and the Chamber assume these extra-legal powers to protect "the rights of the State" against the agents of reactionary plots and official corruption. In other words, it is the attitude of the patriot who will save society by revolution. Almost every generation of Frenchmen since 1789 has beheld this spirit translated into deeds, and has seen the laws and institutions of the country trampled under foot in the name of the higher moralities. We stand apparently upon the threshold of another cycle of demolition and transformation in French political institutions. The Chamber to-day repudiates the claim of the Senate to interfere in the composition of the Cabinet. From that it is but a step to rejecting the authority of Senate and President to dissolve Parliament. It is by no means clear that the Senate will have the bravery to continue the fight to this point, and it is probable that, if a dissolution were thus constitutionally decreed, M. Bourgeois and his Radical-Socialist following would rather welcome than otherwise the chance of going to the

country on such a well-defined issue of punishing criminals as against protecting them. But where Paris is concerned constitutional struggles do not always proceed by orderly courses to a logical conclusion. The French capital is seemingly in the most tranquil of Carnival moods just now, and the revival of the Fat Ox procession, which was last before seen in the closing year of the Second Empire, is to all appearances attracting much more popular attention than the combat between the Palais Bourbon and the Luxembourg. But we know by long experience that Paris has the trick of lightning-changes in mood and aspect.

#### IRISH EDUCATION.

**M**R. GERALD BALFOUR continues to deserve well of Ireland. We were surprised when it was reported that he had decided on following the example of Mr. Morley in vetoing once more the rules which the National Education Commissioners had drawn up, but the explanation of this which he gave in his speech in the House, on Tuesday night, was enough to disarm even Mr. Healy, who avenged his defeat of a few hours before in Committee Room 15 by calmly ignoring Mr. Dillon, and taking on himself the position of spokesman of the Irish party. When Mr. Balfour had explained that those unhappy new rules which have been tossed about from pillar to post for the last three years were not approved by the Government because, in the first place, the Commissioners had no power to pass them, and, in the second place, because neither the Christian Brothers nor the Church Education Society would accept them, there was no more to be said on that head. There is, however, a Bill to be introduced shortly to amend the Compulsory Education Act of 1892, and advantage will be taken of this to produce a clause which will, it is hoped, be acceptable to the heads of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. The principle on which the Irish Government propose to act is, apparently, that of capitation grants. So long as certain schools turn out pupils up to the proper standard in secular education the Government grant will be awarded, without respect to the religious teaching or observances which may also find their place in the school time-table. In other words, the schools of the Christian Brothers and of the Irish Church Education Society will not be penalized because, in addition to the usual primary school curriculum, religion in a highly dogmatic form is also taught.

But it was quite as much the manner as the matter of the Chief Secretary's statement that pleased us. Mr. Balfour neither scolds the Irish members like Mr. Forster, nor lectures them like Sir George Trevelyan, nor "throws up his hands" like Mr. Morley. He endeavours first to understand clearly what it is they want, and then he tells them in as few words as possible whether or not it is in his power, as representing the Government, to grant it. He has not yet shown any signs of that most fatal fault of Chief Secretaries, the desire to play the pedagogue. To tell the Irish people that there are certain things which by all the rules of political economy ought to be good for them, and which they must have whether they want them or not, was the favourite attitude of England in the dreary days of Whig ascendancy, and a long series of exasperating legislative failures was the result. Now we should be the last to deny that a Chief Secretary must be able to say No, and to say it very decisively indeed, otherwise he would in twelve months be an object of derision to the Irish themselves, who above all things like a strong and masterful man. But he must also have some discernment; he must understand that Ireland is not a lesser England, but a country which on account of many things in the unhappy past requires treatment apart. Above all, he must not try to thrust down the throats of a stationary and agricultural people formulas which may be admirable in the case of a progressive and manufacturing country, but which in Ireland lead to nothing but confusion and exasperation.

The "No" of the Chief Secretary may be rightly used in two kinds of cases, and in our opinion in two only: when the proposal to be vetoed involves danger to the

essential unity of the Empire, and when it involves the danger of injustice to the minority. For reasons which we need not discuss here, there is still from time to time a real danger to be guarded against from each of these causes. But it is scarcely even suggested that any such danger is involved in the proposed settlement of the Education question. Certain Protestants, it is true, are bitterly opposed to it, and they have a right to their opinion which will have its influence with the Irish Unionist members. But we fail to see how any Protestant child will be directly or indirectly affected by the giving of grants for efficiency to the Christian Brothers' Schools. The National Education system will remain as before, and in schools built and equipped by the State the Conscience Clause will be maintained. The granting of "results" fees to the rigidly denominational schools may help those schools; it cannot injure those which are already for all practical purposes entirely supported by the State. To give fair play to three per cent. of the Irish primary schools can scarcely, even on dog-in-the-manger principles, be twisted into "oppression" of the other ninety-seven per cent.

Nor did Mr. Balfour stop short at primary education. He admitted that there was an even more striking grievance involved in the question of University education. If space allowed, a history of the Irish University Education question would give English politicians an admirable example of what to avoid. The old Trinity College of Queen Elizabeth was, of course, a close preserve for members of the Irish Protestant Church. It was and is the one college of Dublin University. When the claims of the Catholics became pressing, the obvious course was to found a Catholic college which should teach and discipline its own students in its own way, and present them for examination by the University. But this did not suit the pedagogic statesmen of the "forties," so they invented a brand-new University on lines such as had never been known before—a neutral, non-religious, non-partisan body, with three colleges for non-resident students in Belfast, Cork, and Galway. It was of the latest English manufacture, and was warranted to please everybody. As a natural result, it pleased nobody; and so for fifty years the question has remained a burning one. Mr. Balfour has pledged himself to tackle this difficulty too, and we are curious to see how he will face it; but for that we must wait for another Session at least. Primary education, on the other hand, is a problem to be faced at once; for the Act of 1892 is blocked in many places by the refusal of the local bodies to put it in motion till the claims of the Christian Brothers are satisfied. In the forty-three districts in which the Act has been applied there has been an increase of over twelve per cent. in school attendances—a most satisfactory result, which we hope to see without delay extended to all Ireland. As we have said, the Irish Unionist members, or some of them at any rate, will probably find themselves compelled by local exigencies to oppose Mr. Gerald Balfour. All the more needful is it for English public opinion and for English Unionists to take a broader and more statesmanlike view, and to accord him their hearty support.

#### AMERICAN ANGLOPHOBIA.

**D**IAGNOSIS of American Anglophobia has been naturally suggested by the Venezuelan affair. There can be no doubt that there was a startling outburst of hostile feeling. A friend of mine at Washington—English by birth and in sympathy—wrote me that, though he had been looking forward to my visit, he was glad I was not there to hear the violent language which on all sides was being held against my country. He said that the reception of the President's Venezuelan Message surpassed in enthusiasm everything except the reception of the announcements of the most important and brilliant victories in the Civil War. All through the West the storm of passion raged. The Atlantic States, having a seaboard exposed to attack, were more pacific. There was a somewhat similar division of sentiment in 1812. Commerce and the pulpit were pacific. The pulpit, I fear, has not much influence. Commerce has a great deal; yet its power to restrain is not unlimited, otherwise there would have been no

Civil War. The "Evening Post," which led the opposition to Mr. Cleveland in the press, chiefly represents the commercial sentiment in New York.

Some have found the chief cause of Anglophobia in the school histories, which, they say, are full of battles with the British, and thus stimulate Anglophobia and Jingoism at the same time. This might have been said, I think, with more truth thirty years ago. Of late a better and more truthful spirit has been making way in American histories of every kind. I inquired for the school histories most in vogue, and three have been sent me in reply. From Anglophobia two of them, I should say, are free. In the third there are a few rather bitter passages, yet not of a very diabolical kind, or such as to denote anything like a set purpose of implanting hatred of England in the youthful breast. They all have more or less of the misconceptions about the "Alabama" and her consorts, which it seems, unhappily, impossible to drive out of the American mind; but of the Treaty of Washington, which closed that controversy, one of them says: "Thus happily all danger of war was averted, and the great principle of the settlement of disputes by peaceful arbitration rather than by the sword was finally established." Another says: "Happily all the points at issue were amicably settled by the Treaty of Washington, drawn up by a commission of five representatives of each nation in the spring of 1871, and duly ratified." The third says: "The depredations committed by the 'Alabama' and other English-built privateers during the Great Civil War were a cause of much ill-feeling on the part of the people of the United States against the British Government, and while the latter refused to make any reparation the feeling continued. At length representatives of the respective Governments met in Washington, and concluded a treaty, with a view to the settlement of 'all causes of difference between the two countries.'" Thus they all close the question amicably, and so as to leave a pacific feeling in the minds of the pupil. School histories of all nations are apt to be jingo, in the sense of saying too much about the glories of war and too little about its horrors or about the glories of peace. This is not done so much from love of war or desire of cultivating international pugnacity in infants as because war is a taking theme for narrative and battles are good subjects for woodcuts. The achievements of commerce and industry and the general progress of civilization are not so pleasing to the fancy nor so easily presented to the eye. The American school histories before me, I should say, give as much space as school histories usually give to the glories of peace, and in one of them there is a picture evidently intended to impress on the pupil's mind the horrors of war.

Something, perhaps not a little, must be set down to the account of mere unreasoning tradition. The American Republic was founded in war with England, or rather with George III. National trophies, historical monuments, ancestral memories, all unhappily recall the Revolutionary struggle. There is a feeling transmitted from that time that England is the natural enemy of America, something like our feeling that France is the natural enemy of England. It might have been thought that the memory of the Revolutionary war and the sentiments engendered by it would have been superseded by the memory of the war between the North and the South. But such has not proved to be the case. Intensely bitter as the enmity between the North and the South was at the time, their reconciliation is now complete, and national sentiment runs again in the old groove. Englishmen who shouted for the South in the Civil War must not flatter themselves that they have thereby gained any hold on its heart, or that it would not, in case of a war between the United States and Great Britain, fight against us just as hard as the North. With the tradition of enmity the sense of kinship struggles not so triumphantly as might have been hoped, at least so far as the masses are concerned; for among the highly educated the tradition of enmity is almost dead. Blood no doubt is thicker than water. But this does not hinder near relatives from being sometimes the bitterest of foes.

Protectionism, again, plays its part. Whether Free-

trade is or is not so potent a peacemaker as Bright and Cobden believed, it is certain that Protection is a breeder of enmity among nations, and a harbinger of war. Anglophobia in the American Press will generally be found in combination with Protectionism, as in the Canadian Press Americanophobia is found combined with Canadian Protectionism, or the "National Policy," as it is euphemistically and craftily styled.

It is useless, however, to deny the potent influence of the Irish vote. Compared with the whole population the Irish are a small minority, for about the third generation the Irishman usually becomes an American. But under party government, solidarity, which enables a minority to dominate by playing on the balance of parties, is of more consequence than numbers, and the Irish are clannish by nature as well as held together by the Roman Catholic Church. In what awe politicians stand of the Irish vote has been ignominiously evinced by the breaches of international comity towards Great Britain in the shape of Home Rule resolutions and demonstrations which Congress and State Legislatures have been driven by that influence to commit. The very men who publicly take part in these acts of servility will in private own that they did it involuntarily, and that they have no sympathy with the Irishman in his feud. But the hypocritical character of the homage serves only to enhance its significance. I have myself seen not only international comity but social courtesy astonishingly violated by political ambition for the purpose, as the sequel appeared, of capturing the Irish vote. The Irish vote is more than balanced by the German vote, and the Germans in America, so far as my observation has extended, have shown no sympathy with the Irish or their agitation. In case of any serious attempt to engage the Republic in an Irish quarrel this is a great security so long as England and Germany are good friends. On this, as on every other, account the ill-feeling between Germany and England, caused by the German Emperor's escapade, is greatly to be deplored.

Besides all this, however, we must learn to recognize the fact that England, and she alone, presents herself on the North American continent to American eyes as an intrusive and possibly aggressive Power. From Halifax, Bermuda, and her West Indian stations she appears to Americans to threaten the Atlantic seaboard, from Esquimalt she appears to threaten the Pacific seaboard, of the United States. At the urgent call of their military advisers the Americans are going, it seems, to vote sixty millions of dollars for coast defences, and of this expenditure the menacing presence, as they deem it, of England will be the sole cause. England has carried a road, avowedly military, all along the northern frontier of the United States, connecting her with the naval station at Esquimalt. Mr. Stanley is perfectly right when, in the "Nineteenth Century," he points to this road and to the apprehension that it will be used for purposes of war against Russia, or some other Power friendly to the United States, as one of the present sources of American irritation. If a similar road were run by a foreign Power along, say, the frontier of India, Englishmen would surely regard it with jealous eyes. Canadian Jingoism—safe, as it believes, under the aegis of Great Britain—holds language to the Americans very different from the language which is held in England, and upon every occurrence of friction lets them know that Great Britain has her ironclads ready to bombard New York. I repeat what I have many times said, that the people of the United States have not the slightest intention of aggressing on Canadian independence. They have too much sense to wish to swallow what they could not digest, and to incorporate several millions of citizens who, if annexed by force, would be likely to remain disloyal. But Canadian antagonism to the United States, which has its source in British connexion, and is always appealing to British support, naturally affects the Americans much as Englishmen would be affected if Scotland were an American dependency and sustained by its American connexion in antagonism to the rest of the island. Till lately the Americans have rested in the belief, created by the concession of virtual independence to Canada, that Great Britain was gradually relaxing her hold upon this continent, and that in due course of time manifest destiny would be allowed to

have its way. But Mr. Chamberlain proclaims that you intend to tighten, instead of relaxing, your grasp. While you occupy posts of vantage everywhere, dot the globe with your fortified stations, and keep up a navy which is to make you masters of the seas, you disavow, no doubt with truth, ambitious designs, and protest that peaceful colonization and the protection of your commerce are the only objects which you have in view. But this does not tranquillize the mind of a jealous and uncharitable world. You assure the nations that, though for purely economical purposes you are resolved to be dominant, you are equally resolved to be merciful ; and the nations reply that they prefer, on the whole, not to be at your mercy.

Your Imperialism may be a grand and glorious game. But if you choose to play it, you must lay down the stakes. I wish there were reason to think that in relation to the North American continent it was a safe game, and that the explosion which has just occurred at an unfortunate moment was the last of the powder in that mine.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

#### HAS DR. NANSEN REACHED THE NORTH POLE?

SIR GEORGE NARES'S OPINION.

AFTER careful consideration of the very emphatic report that Dr. Nansen has "reached North Pole, found land," and is "now returning," I think there is little reason to doubt its general correctness.

The news, which appears to have come originally from Ust Iansk, some 200 miles eastward of the Lena River and on the southern route from the New Siberian Islands, is in a measure telegraphically complete, for it states the three important facts that are necessarily the pith of fuller information.

Before Nansen sailed it was generally admitted by Arctic men that, owing to the vast summer discharge of the Lena and other rivers in the neighbourhood of the New Siberian Islands, if he succeeded in reaching them, he would be able without much trouble to advance northward until he met with the southern boundary of the Polar ice, probably in latitude 76° or 77°, and that in a favourable year he might take his vessel even nearer the Pole.

Basing my conclusion on the reasoning that, with the ceasing of the summer discharge from the rivers, the pressed-up northern pack would in the autumn and winter be free to drift southward again into the sea-space left ice-free, or only caked over with the thin new winter ice, I was always of opinion that, on the "Fram" becoming frozen in at sea in such a position in the autumn of 1893, it was more likely that she would be drifted southwards towards the Asiatic coast than northwards towards the Pole during the ensuing winter.

But if Nansen has "found land," the main plan of his voyage has necessarily been wholly changed, and in lieu of attempting to drift across the Polar area he may very probably have been able to take advantage of the coast to attain a much higher northern latitude, and may not only have found a convenient harbour to winter in, but may have been able to undertake sledge journeys in 1894 and perhaps in 1895.

Had land not been discovered no party of men could have "reached North Pole," and have returned within communication distance of the coast of Asia ; but, having once attained a land base, a capable and determined Arctic traveller like Nansen has, we may be certain, taken the fullest advantage of it.

The statement that he is "now returning" shows that his drifting voyage has necessarily been abandoned, and that he either intends returning in the "Fram" towards the Kara Sea, or else that he has abandoned the vessel, and is returning by the usual route from the New Siberian Islands.

G. S. NARES.

#### THE NEW FACTORY ACT.\*

THIS book is dedicated to "Herberto Henrico Asquith, magna assecuto, majora desiderantes." I am informed by friends of mine who have not

\* "The Law relating to Factories and Workshops." By May E. Abraham (one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Factories) and Arthur Llewellyn Davies. London : Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1896.

forgotten their Latin so completely as I have that this means "To Mr. Asquith, who, however much he has done, ought to do a good deal more," which appears to me to be exactly what an Inspector of Factories should say on such an occasion. But there are always heavy difficulties in the way of factory legislation. The average English journalist or politician is, on industrial questions, merely a pompous ass, intimidated by political economy. At the mention of factory legislation he distends himself with weary ignorances, naïve misconceptions, and exploded foreign competition scares, all of them as dead as Nassau Senior, until finally the Factory Inspectors and a few energetic people who know what they are talking about seize the Home Secretary by one coat-tail, whilst the manufacturers who stand to lose by the threatened legislation hold on to the other ; and the result is according to the balance of political brute force between public spirit on the one side and private interest on the other.

The effect of factory legislation is perfectly clear. It raises the standard of civilization among the protected workers ; and it raises the standard of capacity needed for success in the competitive struggle between the employers. That is why able employers like it, and dull ones dread it and raise the cry of ruin to their industry. In the absence of effective factory legislation any greedy rascal with a turn for business can crowd an ordinary dwelling-house with starving wretches, knowing that such sanitary accommodation as there is will break down in a week. He can let it break down ; he can slave-drive his employees to the limits of human endurance and beyond it ; he need not clean the place nor ventilate it ; he can let matters come to typhus-fever point, and then send out his infected goods to be worn or consumed by innocent people who order them through a respectable tradesman and know nothing of such horrors. This is the old theoretic "liberty of the individual," "freedom of contract," and so forth, still trotted out, whenever a Factory Bill is in hand, by the belated Whig, the old-fashioned editor whose strong point is a grasp of imaginary foreign politics, the academic prig-politician, and the ladies of the Women's Employment Defence League, all of them officially ready catspaws for the bottom layer of sweaters whose narrow margin of profit is sure to be knocked off by the least additional instalment of decency, humanity, and public safety. Every time we insist on another coat of limewash, another cubic foot of space per head, another drainpipe, another half-hour off the working day, we submerge a batch of anxious, narrow, barely competent "manufacturers," and throw their business into the hands of men of superior ability and education. That this process of the elimination of the unfittest is a beneficial and inevitable one need not be treated as an open question. The advocate of factory legislation does not now engage its opponents in dialectical fencing matches on abstract principles : he simply bludgeons them with the unanswerable results of a century of experience. The practical problem that now confronts every successive Government is how far it can venture at any given moment to raise the legal standard of treatment for our factory population without demanding too much from our "captains of industry." For instance, if we were to compel factory owners to provide Turkey carpets, Chippendale chairs, Kelmscott Press books, and first-rate orchestral concerts for the comfort and cultivation of their employees, even the ablest employers might find it impossible to cope with such conditions—in which case the industry would simply stop. The reasonable line of opposition to any Factory Bill is, therefore, not to attack factory legislation on principle, or to talk obsolete nonsense about freedom of contract, but to argue that the standard of comfort for employees and of ability for employers has already been raised as high as the produce of the industry in question, or the supply of organizing ability in the ranks of the governing classes, will permit.

How miserably far we are from having approached any such limit in the last Factory Act may be judged by the defeat of Mr. Asquith's attempt to include laundries under the heading of factories. Why the sort of man who wears fourteen shirts a week should be anxious to maintain a state of things in which the chances of getting fever in his starch are appallingly

high is not apparent; but there can be no question that he helped energetically to snatch the laundries from the rescuing hands of Mr. Asquith, and fling them back into the abyss, in spite of all that the Factory Inspectors, especially the women, could urge to save them. In a typical petty laundry you get the work crowded each week into two or three days of from fourteen to seventeen hours each, wages from two to three shillings a day, a demoralizing truck in gin against which the law is powerless, and—as likely as not—a case of scarlet fever in the next room. One would have supposed that these abuses would find no friends outside the ranks of the poor and influenceless women who conduct such establishments. But not a bit of it. A number of middle-class ladies who have done excellent work in securing for women of their own class the right to compete for University degrees and professional diplomas, and with whom, accordingly, the freedom of women from all prescriptive legislation is a fixed idea, rallied to the defence of overtime, gin, and starvation wages, on the ground that if laundry work were done decently and soberly, it would fall into the hands of men. And as they made themselves very disagreeable, and nobody cared particularly for the unfortunate laundrywomen, our linen is still morally dirty. Fortunately common sense forced itself even into the intellectual confusion which ranged Mr. Gerald Balfour shoulder to shoulder and brain to brain with Mr. Jesse Collings against the right of the community to insist on its industries being decently and humanely conducted. The battle for the exclusion of the laundries from the Factory Acts had no sooner been won than the victors grew uneasy; and a number of the Factory Act provisions were hastily slipped back again in Committee, even to the extent of an ineffective restriction of overtime, and a fine of £10 for specially resolute and barefaced attempts to give customers scarlet fever or small-pox.

An evil which touches the general public even more nearly than the condition of the laundries is the condition of the bakehouses. Though the Act of '83 prohibited the unmentionable nastinesses that were once common, a good deal of our daily bread would still not be eaten if the consumers saw it made. We cling to our existing underground bakeries; but the '95 Act at least forbids the establishment of any new ones.

The most disappointing section of the Act is that dealing with outworking, or the giving out of work by the large employer to be done, not in the factory under his own supervision and on his own responsibility, but in the worker's home, or in the sweater's den. Here again we find the worst conditions in the trades which most nearly touch our own persons—our bread treated worse than our underclothing, and our overclothing treated worse than our bread. Take this typical utterance on the subject:—"Going into some workshops," says Mr. Factory Inspector Lakeman, "you find a filthy bed upon which the garments which are made are laid; little children, perfectly naked little things, are lying about the floor and on the beds; frying pans and all sorts of dirty utensils, with food of various descriptions, on the bed, over the bed, everywhere; clothes hanging on a line . . . ashes all flying about, and the atmosphere so dense that you get ill after a night's work there." After the Factory Inspector comes the doctor, with his experience of finding persons in the workshops dying of phthisis, or getting through scarlet fever, small-pox, or measles, with their bedcovering always reinforced by the garments—*our* garments—on which the workers are engaged. It may be supposed that this squalid system at least secures cheapness. But it does nothing of the sort—quite the contrary. The great clothing factories of Leeds, capably managed, with their steam power and machinery, and their enormously better conditions of life for the workers employed, can turn out goods as cheaply as the most abjectly ferocious sweater can. The truth is, the domestic sweater is about as competent to manage an industry as a bargee is to command an ironclad; and the danger to the country of his incompetence is infinitely greater. Experience has by this time placed the remedy beyond all reasonable doubt. Compel the giver-out of work to supply the Factory Inspector with the addresses of the places where the work is done, and to produce a sanitary certificate of their fitness for use as workshops.

Make the landlord heavily responsible if his premises are used as workshops without proper sanitary accommodation for such a purpose. If this were effectively done, the sweating game would not be worth the candle. The employer, no longer able to evade his responsibility, would meet it by getting the work done in his own factory. The landlord would not allow his room to be used for purposes which would involve him in the provision of sanitary accommodation on the scale of a railway station. And the tailoring trade, the boot and shoe, slipper and fur, nail and chain trades, would develop in the same beneficial way as the spinning and weaving trades have done, from centres of misery, demoralization, and infection, into great regulated industries.

The effort made by the '95 Act in this direction is a deplorably lame one. Following up the '91 Act, the Home Secretary may specify an area within which the employers in certain specified trades must keep a list of the places at which their given-out work is done, and send a copy of it twice a year to the Factory Inspector. "If," says Miss Abraham, "an Inspector finds that any place where outworkers are employed is injurious or dangerous to their health, he may give notice to the occupier of the factory or workshop or other place from which the work is given out, or to a contractor employed by the occupier, that the place is so injurious or dangerous. Then if, *after a month from the receipt of the notice*, the occupier or contractor gives out work to be done in the same place, the Inspector may proceed against him; and if the Court finds that the place is in fact injurious or dangerous, the occupier or contractor is liable to a penalty not exceeding £10." That is to say, the employer, by simply changing his sweater once a month, can evade the Act altogether; and this in the face of the fact that the whole history of factory legislation is the history of a conflict between ingenious evasion on the one hand and tightening-up to baffle evasion on the other.

Although the Home Secretary gains under the new Act a certain power of prohibiting the employment of any class of persons whatever in the dangerous trades, it is so jealously circumscribed that it is not likely to have much practical effect. Nothing has been done to secure a real half-holiday in the non-textile trades. As might have been expected, a faithless party, a weak Government, and a moribund Ministry gave us an Act just made better than nothing by the bare necessities of the case, and by the efforts of the handful of people, including the author of this book, who did what they could to get something real done, and, for once in a way, were not obstructed and snubbed by the Minister whom they were helping. But what does that matter now? Mr. Asquith, having the choice of being the next Liberal Prime Minister or going back to the Bar, has gone back to the Bar, and negotiates compromises for noble families whose offspring rashly offer their hands to actresses. It is a fine stroke of irony; but it does not promise well for our authors' "majora desiderantes."

I must not conclude without testifying that "hoc opusculum," which costs five shillings, is an excellent practical guide to the Acts now in force and their administration. I have had to refer to it several times for the purposes of this article, and have each time found the information I required concisely and intelligibly given in the handiest form and the likeliest place.

BERNARD SHAW.

#### THE OPENING OF THE WEST RIVER.

IT is to be hoped that our Government will at last succeed in securing the opening of the West River, which would be of great advantage to British trade. The proposal has certainly been long enough under consideration, and, having cleared up the situation in Indo-China *vis-à-vis* France, the opportunity is now favourable for pressing the matter firmly upon the Chinese Government.

Some fourteen years ago I explored the West or Sikiang River from its mouth at Canton to the navigation limit at Pese, and I have still a very lively recollection of the journey in which my companion, Charles Wahab, and I carried our lives in our hands. At all

times peopled by a very turbulent population (the worst by far in the whole of China), it was at that particular time more than usually disturbed, owing to some difficulty which had recently occurred between the people and certain Roman Catholic priests. So strong was this feeling, in fact, that proclamations were issued at Nanning-fu, an important town, appealing to the patriotic feelings of the people, asking them to prevent the red barbarians coming into their country, and taking away their *Po*, the "precious wealth"—*i.e.* the good luck of the place. Matters were not minced; for an explicit offer of 200 taels (about 50/- sterling) was offered for our heads. The people of Kwangtung and Kwangsi (the headquarters of the Taiping Rebellion) are undoubtedly a difficult lot to manage, and the Central Government ought to be only too glad to open up this waterway, and establish a firmer hold on these disorderly and mutinous provinces, over which they exercise a most feeble control at present.

Little or nothing has been done since my exploration of 1881-82. Only one explorer, Mr. Moss, had preceded me from Canton as far as Nanning, and only one, so far as I know, has since gone over a portion but not all of the same ground.

This fact shows conclusively how very little has been done by our merchants to help themselves towards having this useful waterway opened, and without serious action on the part of the trading community itself, it was not to be expected that Government would move.

It would be unwise to expect too much from the West River, however. It can do something for our trade, especially Hongkong, but nothing very great. Still, what it can do is well worth striving for.

The proposal of the Hongkong Chamber of Commerce that the river should be opened as far as Nanning to steam, with right of trade and residence at Wuchow, Tsunchow and Nanning, three important trade-centres, is eminently wise and reasonable, and should be strongly supported. The French, it is evident, are geographically in a very strong position, and if they choose to utilize it—and, notwithstanding the past history of Tongking, they may do so—may make it very difficult for us to extend our trade later. There seems no doubt now, in spite of the difficulties pointed out by M. Lanessan, and which years ago I foretold, that the Red River can be used for railway purposes with ease and with no prohibitive cost; and if the French choose to make a railway from the port of Tongking to Laokai, the capital of the Yunnan province, Yunnan Sen, would be only sixteen days from the seaboard. Again, the French railway from Langson to near Lung Chow on the South Chinese border next Tongking is soon to be completed. There is therefore no time to be lost, if we are not to lose ground in Southern China from that admirable trade-base, Hongkong.

The natural channel of trade for the large region drained by the West River is the waterway itself. The account of the river itself which I gave in "Across Chrysi"—the narration of my exploration—gives the impression that the region is not only unruly, but very poor. But I pointed out that the ruined cities along the river showed signs of past prosperity, and even grandeur, which had passed away owing to the Taiping and Mahomedan rebellions, and the consequent diversion of the carrying trade to other routes. The route once opened effectively, these provinces would rapidly recover their former flourishing condition.

As regards the question of navigation, much remains to be done in surveying the river thoroughly. But while there is, I believe, no possibility of our making the West River navigable to the frontier of Yunnan, it seems certain that Nanning, 560 miles above Canton, can be opened to steam navigation. I travelled when the river was very low, and therefore was likely to receive the most unfavourable impression. From what I have seen of river navigation in other parts of the world since—especially lately, the San Juan River, in Nicaragua—I am of opinion there is no difficulty which cannot be easily surmounted, in the way of steamers ascending as far as Nanning.

Above Nanning the river is navigable to Pese, on the Yunnan border, a distance of about two hundred miles; but the difficulties in this section are considerable.

South-West China and West China must be attacked from various quarters—by railways from Burmah, from Siam, and from Tongking; from Hongkong and Canton (*via* the West River), from Shanghai (*via* the Yangtze).

The French sentinel is, as Prince Henri of Orleans has said, at the gates of the Chinese Empire. France is at the entrance to an avenue, in a province full of resources, with stores of coal. It is likely we shall have sharp competitors for the trade of South-West China; but, whether or no, it is our business to develop our trade in Indo-China and China in every possible direction.

The opening of the Chinese waterways to Yangtze and the West Rivers to steam, and the making of railways whenever and wherever practicable, should be the complement to the connexion of our Burmese provinces with the South-West provinces of China. To use a classical phrase—there is room for all.

And now a word in conclusion to our merchants. Notwithstanding our success in the past, I urge them to take a lesson from our French and German commercial rivals, and send men to study on their behalf those markets they want to utilize. If there is much to avoid in these semi-official "missions," there is also something to imitate, and I suggest that in this, as in other matters, the wise course is between the two extremes. Lancashire and Yorkshire are at last showing some intention of realizing that all is not well, and that they must, if they wish matters to improve, help themselves in the matter of commercial exploration.

That is a healthy sign, and I hope action in this direction once begun will be vigorously followed up.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

#### A FEBRUARY ROUNDEL.

THE heavy day hangs in a heaven of lead,  
Sick-hearted, like a blind hurt beast  
astray  
On paths where light scarce lightened ere it fled

The heavy day.

The hollow darkness holds the light at bay :  
Cloud against cloud, reluctant, yet makes head :  
Hour against hour, wing-broken, yet makes way.

Time hath no music in his darkling tread,  
The wind no heart to wail, the sun no sway,  
Ere night with starry shadow swathes her dead,

The heavy day.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

#### MISS ROSSETTI'S POEMS.\*

THE horror with which Tennyson regarded the scandal-mongering biographers of our day has received fresh justification of late in the case of Cardinal Manning and in a lesser degree in that of Dante Rossetti. This callous disembowelling of the dead man's past is, of course, due to the absence of reverence for the dead, for his wishes as known during his life. There is another kind of disembowelling which also bids fair, and for the same reason, to become the vogue—the disembowelling of the literary reputation of the dead. There is nothing an artist in language, above all a poet, dislikes and dreads more than the raking up of the rejected attempts in verse, the attempts which to his judgment seemed to be failures, and which were by himself excluded from his published works. Of course the temptation to any Editor who feels the attraction of the yellow dross is very considerable, if the literary remains of a deceased poet fall into his possession and can be used for his

\* "New Poems by Christina Rossetti." Edited by William Michael Rossetti. London : Macmillan & Co. 1896.

profit. Reverence for that which was very dear to the dead—his literary reputation—ought, of course, to safeguard it from literary outrage. Furthermore, the helplessness of the dead ought itself to be a sufficient protection. It would be well if Mr. W. M. Rossetti had given a little time to the weighing of such considerations before he set about the work of editing the posthumous poems of that true poet, his sister. It would be well if he had carried a conscientious regard for the wishes of the dead to the point of rejecting what she had rejected, or had at least spared her admirers the rough drafts, the failures which she had begun and laid aside, before she reached the results at which she had aimed.

Many of these "New Poems" fall below the standard her readers have learned to expect from an admirably spontaneous and rarely gifted poet; and it is certain that the incorporation of so considerable a body of unfinished and imperfect work with her greater achievements in verse will diminish and weaken the collective effect, and lower temporarily, and to some extent at all events, the poetic reputation of their author. Of course it may be said that Miss Rossetti when she made Mr. W. M. Rossetti her executor knew what she had to expect, or at all events ought to have known, and that she must take the consequences. That is the pity of it. She must take the consequences. What is printed cannot be suppressed. It is no use now to remonstrate with her executor. He has done his work as editor: he has published poems which their author did not regard as worthy of publication—which, writing to a friend of hers, a capable critic, who had pressed her to print them, twenty years ago, she absolutely refused to give to the public. How, we are obliged to ask, could Miss Rossetti be expected to know that her executor would (if he knew them) disregard her wishes, which ought to have been scrupulously held sacred, or how could she suppose that her brother was ignorant of those wishes, sufficiently well known to her friend, and easily to be deduced from the fact that she had not published the verses in her lifetime. It is, of course, quite possible that Mr. Rossetti's action is due to a motive that is no discredit to his heart, the desire that none of his distinguished sister's work should remain unknown to the public. But if Mr. W. M. Rossetti is to be justified at all, it must be at the expense of his critical faculty, of his judgment and good sense. Though no doubt nothing could be further from his intentions, he has done a disservice to his sister's reputation as a poet, and the time may one day come when the most imperfect and faulty work in this volume will be used in support of the arguments for a literary verdict, made less favourable to the poet by the evidence of work she never intended to print.

One merit may be allowed to the editor. He has printed the pieces with their dates, a proceeding which adds much to their interest and to the value of the book. His explanation why she did not publish those verses herself is, as a test of his fitness to act as her editor, worth quoting. They often, he says, resemble more or less examples which she did print; "her self-estimation was always a modest one, and she had not the least inclination to thrust herself, her creations, or her verses upon the attention of any person." He thus implies that out of excessive modesty she did not publish the work; whereas it is perfectly plain that she did not print this inferior work from a proper sense of the dignity of her position as a poet.

Mr. Rossetti, too, is not consistent, and we fear that the following note betrays his real attitude. After telling us, in the preface, how high is his estimate of the verses he prints, he tells us in the very first note, speaking of "Repining," "No doubt it is far from being excellent, yet it cannot be called bad, and I think the time has now come for giving it a modest place amid the authoress's writings"—that is, the second place in the book. Again, it may be proved from his own words that Mr. Rossetti considers that he is justified in preferring his own opinion to the wishes of his sister as to her own work. In his note on "A Triad" he says:—"I presume that my sister, with overstrained scrupulosity, considered its moral tone to be somewhat open to exception. In

such a view I by no means agree, and I therefore reproduce it."

Among the specially interesting poems are those of 1856-8, which have a note of passion and pain more intense than is to be found except in some of the devotional poems, the explanation being, it seems, that they deal with the crisis of her life-history, and are the utterance of direct personal feelings and personal experience. "Introspective" opens, indeed, a window into the poet's heart:—

"I wish it were over the terrible pain,  
Pang after pang again and again;  
First the shattering ruining blow,  
Then the probing steady and slow.

Did I wince? I did not faint:  
My soul broke but was not bent:  
Up I stand like a blasted tree  
By the shore of the shivering sea.

On my boughs neither leaf nor fruit,  
No sap in my uttermost root;  
Brooding in an anguish dumb  
On the short past and the long to come."

Of course even Miss Rossetti's failures bear some impress of the hall-mark of her genius. But it only requires a comparison of the bulk of the verse included in this collection with the verse published by her in her lifetime to perceive how penetrating, accurate, and unsparing was her criticism upon her own work. Of her it is literally true

"Her worst she kept, her best she gave."

Among the work in this collection that is really representative of Miss Rossetti's genius are to be found a number of fine lyrics, while the sonnets are admirable. Of the latter, "In Progress" may be given as an example—a remarkable study of a soul:—

"Ten years ago it seemed impossible  
That she should ever grow so calm as this,  
With self-remembrance in her warmest kiss  
And dim dried eyes like an exhausted well,  
Slow-speaking when she has some fact to tell,  
Silent with long unbroken silences,  
Centred in self yet not displeased to please,  
Gravely monotonous like a passing bell.  
Mindful of drudging daily common things,  
Patient at pastime, patient at her work,  
Wearied perhaps but strenuous certainly.  
Sometimes I fancy we may one day see  
Her head shoot forth seven stars from where  
they lurk

And her eyes lightnings and her shoulders wings."

Some of the lyrics have all the old distinctive charm, all the beauty of simple and sufficing diction which belongs to Miss Rossetti's representative work. Such are the opening stanzas of "Light Love":—

"Oh, sad thy lot before I came,  
But sadder when I go,  
My presence but a flash of flame,  
A transitory glow  
Between two barren wastes like snow.  
What wilt thou do when I am gone?  
Where wilt thou rest, my dear?  
For cold thy bed to rest upon,  
And cold the falling year,  
Whose withered leaves are lost and sere."

Only the opening stanzas of the poem, it must be added, maintain this high standard.

"Day Dreams," again, has a delicate charm:—

"Who can guess or read the spirit,  
Shrined within her eyes,  
Part a longing, part a languor,  
Part a mere surprise,  
While slow mists do rise and rise?  
Is it love she looks and longs for,  
Is it rest or peace?  
Is it slumber, self-forgetful  
In its utter ease?  
Is it one or all of these?  
So she sits and doth not answer  
With her dreaming eyes,  
With her languid look delicious,  
Almost paradise,  
Less than happy, otherwise."

Miss Rossetti had in a marked degree the simplicity of view and the deep sympathy with natural human passion which give such strength to the old Border ballads, and such success to her own ballads, "Sister Maude," for example, dealing with the deeper emotions of the general heart of man. This simplicity of view was matched with a rare simplicity of diction and a mastery of simple metres which make her songs as successful as her ballads.

There are several lyrics in the new collection in which the emotion is deep and true and the expression exquisite in its simplicity and sweetness :—

" Beyond the sea, in a green land  
Where only rivers are—  
Beyond the clouds, in the clear sky  
Close by some quiet star—  
Could you not fancy there might be  
A home, Beloved, for you and me ?

Last night I watched the mounting moon :  
Her glory was too pale  
To shine through the black heavy clouds  
That wrapt her like a veil ;  
And yet with patience she passed through  
The mists, and reached the depths of blue.

And when the road was travelled o'er  
And when the goal was won,  
A little while and all her light  
Was swallowed by the sun :  
The weary moon must seek again,—  
Even so our search would be in vain."

The longing for rest runs through all the later verse and through much of the earlier. "From the Antique" probably expresses her own sense of the weariness of life "doubly blank in a woman's lot": when if she passed away,

" None would miss me in all the world,  
How much less would care or weep :  
I should be nothing, while all the rest  
Would wake and weary and fall asleep."

Now, if she were alive, she might well realize, and probably long before her death she did realize how wide was the influence of her human-hearted genius, how much love she had awakened in hearts of men and women, how much good she had done, how deeply she would be regretted by thousands who had never known her personally, how genuinely and by how many she, not having been seen, was loved. It was by the steep and narrow way of suffering, the trial of a painful and incurable disease, that she left this life, and this must be remembered, in observing the depth of her longing for rest. But always she was one who saw the end of life from the beginning, and therefore even in her poems of sympathy with the beauty of nature or the joy of man there was always an undercurrent of sadness.

Failing to find satisfaction for her capacity for love in a supreme human affection, disappointed and sad, she found it in the response of the Divine Love; but the mere physical and mental desire for rest grew stronger, as it mercifully does when life draws near its close. This desire finds expression in lines which her brother, whose notes are often very valuable in elucidating the poems, explains to be the last lines she ever wrote, at the close of 1893 or the opening of 1894 :—

Sleeping at last, the trouble and tumult over,  
Sleeping at last, the struggle and horror past,  
Cold and white, out of sight of friend and of lover,  
Sleeping at last.

No more a tired heart downcast or overcast,  
No more pangs that wring or shifting fears that hover,  
Sleeping at last in a dreamless sleep locked fast.

Fast asleep. Singing birds in their leafy cover  
Cannot wake her, nor shake her the gusty blast.  
Under the purple thyme and the purple clover  
Sleeping at last.

What a satisfaction it is to the lovers of her poetry to feel that there is nothing in her life to record unworthy of her high genius and her pure and noble work in verse! Her lovely verse was simply the expression of a lovely personality, exquisitely feminine, sweet and pure, good and worshipful. It is this, we think, that gives her devotional poems such unique charm and power;

but, indeed, all her verse is tinged and coloured by her deep religious faith as a common cloud is glorified by the sunrise. She went through life, seeing the Invisible, and her view of life is not the less penetrating and true on this account.

It is accordingly among the devotional poems that one finds some of the most truly great work in this volume. Supreme, we think, in tragic depth and earnestness is "Heart's Bitterness," in which the poet's very self finds passionately perfect expression. The poem reveals more perfectly than any other of her verse Miss Rossetti's heart—the throbbing human heart that lay under that quiet exterior, whose tragedy went on behind that calm uneventful daily life.

" When all the over-work of life  
Is finished once, and fast asleep  
We swerve no more beneath the knife  
But taste that silence cool and deep ;  
Forgetful of the highways rough,  
Forgetful of the thorny scourge,  
Forgetful of the tossing surge,  
Then shall we find it is enough ?

How can we say 'enough' on earth—  
'Enough' with such a craving heart?  
I have not found it since my birth,  
But still have bartered part for part.  
I have not held and hugged the whole,  
But paid the old to gain the new :  
Much have I paid, yet much is due,  
Till I am beggared sense and soul.

To give, to give, not to receive !  
I long to pour myself, my soul,  
Not to keep back or count or leave,  
But king with king to give the whole.  
I long for one to stir my deep—  
I have had enough of help and gift—  
I long for one to search and sift  
Myself, to take myself and keep.

You scratch my surface with your pin,  
You stroke me smooth with hushing breath :—  
Nay pierce, nay probe, nay dig within,  
Probe my quick core and sound my depth.  
You call me with a puny call,  
You talk, you smile, you nothing do :  
How should I spend my heart on you,  
My heart that so outweighs you all ?

Not in this world of hope deferred,  
This world of perishable stuff :—  
Eye hath not seen nor ear hath heard  
Nor heart conceived that full 'enough':  
Here moans the separating sea,  
Here harvests fail, here breaks the heart :  
There God shall join and no man part,  
I full of Christ and Christ of me."

It is only when reading the collection of deep and earnest devotional poems, which have very properly a place by themselves in this volume, that one reaches the unique achievement of Christina Rossetti. In a far higher sense than it can be said of any other poet, it can be said of Miss Rossetti that she is to-day the religious poet of England. Compared with her, Keble is simply a careful, laborious, and commendable hymn-maker, with some feeling for nature but very little insight into the human heart. If Herbert were a modern, and could be fairly measured with her, the magnifying mists of centuries being removed, he would not obtain the verdict before any competent tribunal. At his rare best Vaughan most nearly matches her highest. But the intensity of her religious emotion belongs to herself alone. She gave her heart, her life, her genius to the highest possible love, the Divine Love, and she is rewarded by becoming a power to reveal in her verse to the weary generations of mankind the mysteries of that inmost shrine of the Christian religion where God is seen as Love and Love as God.

It is interesting to remember that this great religious poet found in the simple unornate services and the quiet and thoughtful teaching of the Church of England complete satisfaction for her religious aspirations. She was, in spite of her descent, thoroughly English, and when the

judgment of the future is given, she will remain among the foremost poets of our time. If this estimate seem to any to be extravagant, we would refer them to the estimate passed on Miss Rossetti's work many years ago, long before her name was known, when our chief living poet, who is also the most inspiring and generous of our critics of poetry, declared the greatness of Miss Rossetti's work, and antedated the now unquestionable verdict of posterity.

## AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

FOR some inexplicable reason Musical London failed to crowd, as I had hoped and expected, to the Crystal Palace last Saturday. Indeed, on a rough reckoning, fully nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths seemed to have stayed away; and the thousandth which turned up was a little dull in that big room for lack of company. Even the Press was imperfectly represented. Several of our leading dailies sent only their critic's "devils"; and though the "Standard," the "Pall Mall," and, least among them all, the SATURDAY REVIEW were there, they made a poor show in the absence of those organs of culture, the "Observer" and the "Topical Times." Worst of all, some of my colleagues, I regret to say, went home before the Beethoven symphony had been played, and their notices, however remarkable viewed as imaginative feats, could not be considered absolutely fair to Mr. Manns. Of course we all know our Beethoven by heart, and we all know how Mr. Manns plays the Seventh, but surely, if only in the interests of that accuracy of which every genuine musical critic is so intensely proud, it is worth while renewing our impressions of a master's playing of a masterpiece once in a long while. I myself fled before a song of Leoncavallo and Mr. Burmester's fireworks; but careless as I am of accuracy, at least I know which indications for repeats Mr. Manns observed and which he disregarded. As to why he should be so scurvyly treated by both Press and public, I cannot make ever so remote and random a guess. If there were no Saturday afternoon concerts at the Palace to prove the contrary, we should all be ready to take our most solemn oath that they were precisely what London needed and what London would eagerly patronize. Yet we see how it works out. Mr. Manns offers capital playing of capital programmes; for he is not one of those conductors who vary so widely that you are never sure whether you will get too much, too little, or nothing at all for your money; and the money you need pay to hear him is small indeed compared with the price of a seat at a Richter or a Mottl concert. It is almost as easy to get to the Palace as to get to St. James's or Queen's Hall from most parts of London, and it is a great deal easier to get back. And you need not come back at once: you can break the fall from the poetic heights of a Beethoven symphony to the flat prose of railway carriages and cabs and omnibuses by stopping to have a cup of tea or other refreshment under picnic conditions at that bar where the floor is so admirably contrived that if you happen to be overburdened with superfluous gold and silver you need only drop (say) half-a-sovereign through one of those long slots and you never see it again. And in spite of all these attractions and conveniences the result is what we saw last Saturday, and on too many Saturdays of last year. Mr. Manns' excellent playing is heard by a half- or three-quarters-filled house; a half- or three-quarters-filled house reads Sir George Grove's admirable programme notes, or the equally admirable programme notes of Mr. Barry. I hope Musical London may see its way to change all this; for unless the concerts are crowded shortly I shall be compelled to believe that Musical London does not know what is good for it—which, after all, is perhaps what I believe at present, only I like to word it differently. In case it should be remarked that I am boozing the Palace concerts, let me point out that one must either boom, or "slate," or say nothing at all. A critic so voluble and peaceable as myself finds it impossible to say nothing, and hard to "slate" week after week, and—but, when I come to think of it, if Palace concerts may not be boozed what enterprise can be mentioned that is worthy of even moderate support? With the Palace

concert-hall for a school-room those notable school-masters Sir George Grove and Mr. Manns have trained up the froward child, Musical London, in the way it should go. Now, grown into a lusty youth, it plays truant without compunction on every possible occasion, and there seems to be some danger of the school being closed. That would be a national disgrace: wherefore I boom the Crystal Palace concerts and offer no excuses. My readers can catch a concert-train at Ludgate Hill or at Victoria (L.C. & D. Railway) at a quarter past two.

Some time ago a dainty little anecdote, true or otherwise, appeared in the evening papers. It seems that at the Zoological Gardens a python and a boa constrictor had a misunderstanding about a rabbit. Each took a tight grip of the subject; and the discussion ended only when the python, having drawn in the rabbit, drew the boa after it. I could not refrain from applying this anecdote to a high moral purpose while Mr. Manns was playing that rowdy "Rienzi" overture last Saturday. You can take the true Wagnerian works—from "Tannhäuser" to "Parsifal"—as the rabbit, Wagner himself, with "Rienzi" and "The Dutchman" in his pockets, as the boa, and the out-and-out Wagnerians as the python. Not content, like the genuine Wagner man, to pick the rabbit and derive spiritual sustenance from that, they insist that the only proper plan is to swallow the boa, the master, whole also—together with every bar of "The Dutchman" and even of "Rienzi." Now most of us can turn with pleasure to magnificent passages in "The Dutchman"; but we claim that it is not a stupendous or wonderfully beautiful new work of art like "Lohengrin," and that "Rienzi" is not an inch nearer to the skies than Meyerbeer's best music. The overture, in particular, shows how very far Wagner was from finding himself at the time he wrote it, how very much Spontini and Meyerbeer had their way with him. The melody of the prayer is middling; the Allegro energico is the starry-pointing pyramid of empty pretentiousness; and "the tune, with which, at the end of the second act, the Romans hail their deliverer" (to quote the programme) might be used indifferently by the Salvation Army or any music-hall in London. Mr. Dannreuther says the overture is "remarkable for bold and masterly instrumentation." Now I have a great respect for Mr. Dannreuther, but I submit to him that this is sheer nonsense of a kind peculiarly damaging to Wagner. The instrumentation is not masterly—it is not even bold. Spontini at his best is far more audacious and splendid, and at his worst he did nothing quite so bad, nothing in which the fibre of the writing is so thoroughly "rotten" (I use the word in a technical sense, not as abuse), as certain bars of the "Rienzi" overture. Only once has the detestable thing been made tolerable to me. That was when Mottl first appeared in England, and then the interest lay in his masterly playing of it, in his force and brilliancy, not in the music. Mr. Manns has often been given very high praise in this column, but he is not Mottl; and I doubt whether even Mottl could interest me a second time in the "Rienzi" music. At the Palace it was a nuisance. It had the effect, however, of making the "Parsifal" prelude doubly grateful. In fact, were not both Sir George Grove and Mr. Manns known as serious gentlemen, I might imagine that they had contrived a little joke to let us know or teach us precisely how low down Wagner commenced. On the other hand, "Parsifal" coming after it showed us plainly how very high he ultimately climbed. And even if morbid fastidiousness is no better than the catholicity of the Zoological Gardens' python, I venture to suggest that the act of learning to love such music as "Parsifal" should not have the odd result of making us forget that such music as most of "Rienzi," no matter how great its author, is worthy only of hatred and detestation.

Mr. Manns' playing of the "Parsifal" prelude was not so fine a piece of work as that of some parts of the Seventh Symphony. That it was clean, firm, full of colour, alive with healthy energy, goes without saying, for though we who go to many concerts chuckle for very joy when we get these qualities from other conductors we take them as a matter of course from Mr. Manns. But something more is required if the

"Parsifal" music is to make anything approaching its full effect; one demands the very highest and subtlest intellectual and emotional qualities, and in these Mr. Manns' playing is apt to fall just a little short. The best playing came off in the slow movement and in the Scherzo of the Seventh symphony. The introduction was a little wanting in weight and importance, and the Finale in riotous happiness—in particular I missed the sforzandos on the weak beats in the first theme which give it such enormous impetuosity. Still, when one has said that much was wanting, it must be admitted that from no other conductor can one get such all-round renderings of the masterpieces. By the way, instead of omitting the repeats would it not be wiser to place the symphony always first on the programmes, so that it is done with before conductor and audience are tired? Of course this might be inconvenient to the critics who know their Beethoven too well; but there is no reason why they should come late; for, no doubt, were their case laid before the directors a special critics' train would be put on.

Mr. Willy Burmester's rendering of a Spohr concerto was pleasant to hear, if only because of the sense of security his playing affords. Not merely does he get the right notes, though there are plenty of notable and notorious players who cannot even do that: you feel assured that every passage, however rapid or difficult, will be brought out clearly with a full and rich tone, that nothing will be scammed and scraped, and moreover that every effect will be intelligently and plausibly set before you; and you are never disappointed. And this is very delightful in this age of virtuosos with their half-dozen pieces which they play respectably, and their endless attempts to impose on us with ragged-edged and scrappy renderings of Beethoven and Spohr. I don't know that Spohr is very well worth careful playing or careful hearing at the tail-end of the nineteenth century; but his music is always respectable, even if it pays for that virtue with frequent dulness and commonplace; and with practice it is possible to sleep through the dull parts and wake up fresh for the pretty bits. As for the vocal element of the concert, which was "safe in the hands of Mrs. Katharine Fisk," I need only say that songs by Leoncavallo and the late Goring Thomas are not exhilarating fare, and that having tasted of "My heart is weary" I remembered an appointment in town just before the commencement of the "Schwerer Abschied."

My warmest thanks to the correspondent who writes to say that Bach did not write the first prelude of "The Well-tempered Clavichord" as an accompaniment to Gounod's well-known melody. Such corrections are always acceptable.

J. F. R.

#### TWO PLAYS.

"Jedbury Junior," a light Comedy in three acts. By Madeleine Lucette Ryley. Terry's Theatre, 14 February, 1896.

"On 'Change," a Comedy in three acts. Adapted by Eweretta Lawrence from the German of Von Moser. (A Revival.) Strand Theatre, 15 February, 1896.

I WISH some manager would nerve me to my weekly task by producing either a very good play or a very bad one. The plays that unman me as a critic are those which are entertaining without being absorbing, and pleasant without being valuable—which keep me amused during an idle hour without engaging my deeper sympathies or taxing my attention—which, in short, would be excellent value for half a crown in a summer theatre in the Park, if only that agreeable German institution would make haste to advance with us beyond the Olympian and Wild West stage of development. It is in dealing with such plays that the critic is apt to forget the immense difference between his economic relation to the theatre and that of the playgoer. A critic not only gets a seat in the best part of the house for nothing, but is actually paid for sitting in it. The effect of this on him is highly complex. Whether the net result is to make him more exacting than the ordinary playgoer, or less, seems a simple question; but the answer varies from play to play, and from stalls to gallery. It varies even with the age of the play and

of the critic; for an experienced critic is often as sulky over a new development of the drama as a skilled workman over a new machine or process; whilst a freshman is equally apt to form wild hopes of the new thing merely because it is new: both sides investing it with imaginary faults and qualities by pure association of ideas, without the smallest reference to the unfortunate author's text. In most cases I should say that the critic, whatever he may say in print for the sake of a quiet life, is less easily pleased than the rest of the public. But with reference to the particular sort of play now in question, I am not so sure. His verdict, if based on the fact that he finds the piece worth seeing, may differ very materially from a verdict based on the experience of the man who has to turn out from a comfortable house in the suburbs, and make his way to the Strand with his wife, and perhaps his daughters, at a cost of half a guinea a head, plus travelling expenses, or else to wait on a cold and wet night at the doors to secure a not very advantageous or luxurious seat in the cheaper parts of the house. It seems to me that a play must have a very strong element of interest in it, or a performance a very strong element of fascination, to induce a rational person to spend the evening so expensively or uncomfortably as it must be spent at a theatre; and I have seen play after play which would have been accepted cheerfully as excellent pastime on moderate terms, shunned by the public because the terms were not moderate. The last time I paid half a guinea for a stall was to see Duse play Magda. I paid it without hesitation, though I had already seen the performance (for nothing) in my professional capacity. But if you ask me whether I would pay half a guinea to see an average London play with an average London cast, I shall have the greatest difficulty in conveying a negative sufficiently emphatic to do justice to my feelings without the use of language inconsistent with my dignity.

These reflections have been suggested to me by the two comedies produced last week, "Jedbury Junior" and "On 'Change." Both are pleasant enough in their way; but they are not fascinating, not important: the playgoer who misses them will miss nothing but an evening's amusement. If the prices ranged from one shilling for the gallery to five shillings for the stalls, I should say that both plays were excellent value for the money. As it is, I prefer not to give my opinion from that point of view. Even if you wish to know which of the two plays is the better worth going to, I must point out to you that the prices charged are not the same, except to the stalls and gallery, which are, as usual, half a guinea (a monstrous charge) and a shilling respectively. The intermediate charges are, at Terry's, seven and sixpence, six shillings, four shillings, and two and sixpence; at the Strand, six, four, three, and two shillings. That is, the prices at Terry's are higher. You will naturally conclude that the play at Terry's is better, the cast stronger, the theatre warmer, more comfortably seated, and nearer the railway station. The facts do not bear out these inferences. On the contrary, as far as there is any difference, the play is worse, the cast weaker, the theatre colder, less comfortably seated, and further from the railway station. It is a mistake to look for logic in such things. The fact that there comes every now and then a play which makes a fortune in spite of all drawbacks, leaves every manager obsessed with the hope of chancing on that play, and convinced that nothing can materially help him if he misses it, or hinder him if he hits on it.

"Jedbury Junior" is a flimsy, almost schoolgirlish, work, redeemed by the happy notion of the Fuegian marriage, which proves fertile in funny complications, and by a great number of amusing lines, for which the author, one guesses, probably supplied the opportunity rather than the actual text. She has a strong sense of fun, and ridicules everybody over forty, and most people under it, with much vivacity. Her young man is a remarkably good-hearted and affectionate young man; and her young woman, as might have been expected, has a touch of reality; but the serious passages between the other characters are, to say the least, jejune. It is impossible to expatiate on the acting, since, save the young man and young woman

aforesaid, none of the parts present any difficulties upon which one dare compliment an actor of good standing. Mr. Beauchamp, Mr. Playfair, and Mr. Farquhar are amusing, Mr. Farquhar having the best of it as a butler who bowdlerizes and translates into diplomatic language the messages which his master and mistress, not being on speaking terms, charge him with in one another's presence. Mr. Kerr is more determined than ever to be an antidote to Ibsen : he is frank, manly, wholesome, and English to an overpowering degree—so unaffected in his speech, too, that when he follows Miss Millett's vanishing form with his honest eyes, and says "She's gone!" a tear of sympathy with this good-hearted Johnny blurs the vision and softens the heart. In fact, Mr. Kerr has got in Jedbury Junior what every actor-manager demands from the dramatist : that is, an outrageous caricature of himself. At no point does the part get beyond his familiar routine ; and though I enjoy that routine as much as anybody, I cannot reasonably be expected to deal with it as with the creation of a new character. Miss Maude Millett is more fortunate. For years it has been her fate to provide "comic relief" in couple with Mr. Sydney Brough, or some other fellow-victim. She, too, has a routine which I know by heart. I am always glad to see her ; and she generally makes me laugh once or twice ; but to say that I look forward to her entrance with either hope or fear, or leave the theatre after her exit pondering on what I have seen, and resolving to be a better man in future, would be simply to tell a breath-bereaving lie. Happily, as Dora Hedway, the most human character in this flippant, stuck-together-anyhow little play, she gets an opportunity of acting, and seizes it with complete success. Probably she will not enjoy another for ten years to come ; so, before she is thrust back into comic relief, I recommend all her admirers to haste to see her in the last act of "Jedbury Junior."

"On 'Change," a revived play, was new to me, as far as a piece made up of such stale material could be new. At all events, I had not seen it before ; and I was duly captivated by Mr. Felix Morris's impersonation of the Scotch professor. For an old and often-repeated performance it is surprisingly delicate and unexaggerated. The working up of the quarrel at the end of the first act by Mr. Morris and so skilful an old stage hand as Mr. William Farren is an excellent piece of business, and produces the best "curtain" in the piece. I warn Mr. Morris, however, that he had better hide his gifts carefully if he wishes to keep constantly before the public. I know no surer way of avoiding engagements on the stage at present than to know your business. "On 'Change" is an exceptional play in respect of its bringing into action at least four gentlemen who can act. Besides Mr. Farren and Mr. Felix Morris, there is Mr. Yorke Stephens. He, as we all know, is capital in a part which happens to fit him like a glove—the war correspondent in "Held by the Enemy," Dick Rusper in "The Crusaders," Captain Bluntschli in—I forget the name of the play, but no matter. But Joe, in "On 'Change," does not fit him like a glove ; on the contrary, it would be difficult to imagine a part more foreign to his characteristic style and personality than this translation into English of the conventional German, warm-hearted, hard-working, cheerful, simple, unfashionable clerk, a good son and affectionate woorer—a provincialized, Teutonified variant of the Kerresque Johnny, in short. Yet Mr. Yorke Stephens, through the mere effect of inevitability produced by the smartness, address, and grace of a skilled and disciplined actor, gets through his unsuitable part, not only without having his appropriateness challenged at any moment, but with every appearance of having been expressly born to play it. Finally, Mr. James Welch is in the cast, revelling in the part of the Scotch philosopher's cockney landlord with fearful thoroughness. I say finally, because Mr. E. H. Kelly's much-laughed-at performance as De Haas is not acting : it is only tomfooling, which is a different matter. The part, it must be admitted, does not allow of much else ; still, it is no worse than much of the stuff allotted to the others. Miss Eweretta Lawrence gives the American version of the conventional serio-comic love scene very prettily in the third act—fortunately for the play, which is rather deficient in feminine interest. Only, that dangerous

business with the matches made me nervous. The weak spot in the cast is Mrs. Burnett, who should be played by an elderly actress with a strong comic talent for hen-pecking. The lady who plays it at present declines to conceal the fact that she is young and pretty. She is, I take it, more anxious to avoid being cast for such parts in future than to secure the success of the play.

The first piece at the Strand, Mr. Louis Parker's "Man in the Street," though it is not new, should not be missed, as Mr. Welch has worked up his character-sketch of the old vagabond Jabez Gover to an extraordinary pitch of completeness and intensity. At Terry's the curtain-raiser is a very ordinary sentimentality called "An Old Garden," by Hill Davies, which is pulled through by Mr. W. J. Robertson and Miss Mona Oram with conscientious sincerity and force.

One of the most remarkable pieces of realistic acting I have seen lately has not been on the stage, but on the concert platform, by Miss Beatrice Herford. Miss Herford, with the aid of a chair, pretends to be a lady with a child in a tramcar, a shop-girl, a dressmaker hired out by the day, and a maddeningly fidgety old lady in a train. Very ordinary entertainer's business, apparently—until you see it. Miss Herford began by amusing me, and ended by appalling me. But for her occasional jokes, and her funny and clever pantomime, I should, so to speak, have changed carriages, so faithfully did she reproduce the ways of irritating people. If Miss Herford goes on the stage, we shall not be at a loss for a successor to Mrs. John Wood.

G. B. S.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

THE supply of money was fairly plentiful during the week ;  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for day-to-day loans and  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for short periods were the ordinary rates. Little business was done in the Discount Market, which was very quiet. The rates for three, four and six months' bills varied between  $1\frac{1}{4}$  and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. In Paris the Carnival festivities and the constitutional conflict between the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate considerably interfered with business. The new Two-and-a-Half per Cent. Loan for Tongkin at 87 is to be subscribed for to-day (Saturday), and is sure to prove a great success. Berlin and Vienna seem rather nervous on account of the new Bourse taxes and legislation. The Bank rate is unchanged at 2 per cent.

On the Stock Exchange the dominant feature this week was the great activity and improvement in Home and Colonial investment stocks. The sharp advance in Consols to 110 was due partly to "bear" covering. As for other gilt-edged securities, some of them were no doubt bought on speculation based on the expectation that money will be cheap for a long time to come. The advance in Home Government securities and the continuance of favourable traffic returns influenced Home Railways in the early part of the week, and caused a general rise in prices ; later on, however, the market was depressed by the weakness of Scotch Railways, but most of the Home Railway lines have improved since last Saturday. The prospect of a speedy and amicable settlement of the Venezuelan question lent a cheerful tone to American Railways, in which considerable business was done, especially in investment bonds.

The South African Market was only relieved from dulness in the early part of the week by Continental, especially French, buying. Later on, there was some advance in prices, but the fates are not favourable just now to "Kaffirs." Not only is the political situation in the Transvaal far from being satisfactory as yet, but it is complicated by the labour difficulty, to which we have often alluded ; and so long as this state of things continues the various attempts to raise the market are not likely to attract the public. By the way, that stale and venerable rumour about the purchase of Delagoa Bay from Portugal by our Government was revived again on Wednesday with the object of influencing the market. We suppose that some nincompoops must believe in it, or it would not be "trotted out" with such indefatigable persistency. The general Mining market was almost entirely neglected, but prices remained fairly steady. Indian shares were inclined to be firm. The

position of copper continues good, in spite of heavy selling; Rio Tinto remained at about 18½. Silver was in good demand, and the price for bars rose on Thursday to 31d. per oz. Rupee Paper advanced to 64½.

Canadian Pacific shares fluctuated between 58½ and 59½ (Thursday's closing quotation). Grand Trunk stocks showed a weak tendency. South American stocks were firm and mostly higher. Railway stocks were in good demand, and the latest traffic receipts were satisfactory. As we have repeatedly called attention to the unsatisfactory political relations between Chili and Argentina, we are the more pleased to see from a Valparaiso telegram in the "Times" that the boundary dispute between the two countries has at last been finally settled. We hope that this news is true; it ought to put a stop to the unnecessary wasting of money on armaments, especially on the part of Argentina, whose budgets show deficits, whilst Chili has at least the advantage of a surplus. Meanwhile, the above news has reacted more favourably on Argentine than on Chilian stocks.

Business, which was quiet in the Foreign Market early in the week, improved towards the end of it. Argentine stocks and the Cedula issues were particularly noticeable for their firmness. Spanish and Italian Stocks were weaker and lower, owing to the absence of favourable news from Cuba and Abyssinia. Egyptian, Russian, and Turkish Stocks, and Ottoman Bank shares were dearer and firmer. No one can have two opinions as to the energy of M. de Witte, the Russian Finance Minister. He has just issued a brochure, "Manuel du Porteur de Fonds Russes," for the benefit of investors in Russian stocks, and it is a very handy and useful production. But there are some omissions respecting the special "early redemption" clause printed on certain Four per Cent. Bonds, which ought to be corrected in the next edition.

#### NEW ISSUES, &c.

##### THE DAIMLER MOTOR COMPANY, LIMITED.

We referred in our last issue to the fact that the prospectus of the Daimler Motor Company, Limited, contained a circular on which was printed matter professing to be an "Extract from the SATURDAY REVIEW." We pointed out that this so-called "extract" was nothing more than a reprint of a letter which appeared last year in our Correspondence columns upon the interesting subject of road locomotion. We have not expressed any opinion favourable to the patents, &c., to be acquired by this Company; but of course this "extract" to which we refer was intended to lead recipients of the Daimler prospectus to suppose that we had really done so. We regret to find that we are not alone in having to resent this impudent exhibition of company-promoting audacity. Sir David Salomons, who has for a long time past shown great interest in all matters relating to road locomotion, informs us that he, too, has been made a victim in this respect. Sir David writes:—

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

BROOMHILL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 19 February, 1896.

SIR,—Referring to the use made of the name of the SATURDAY REVIEW in connexion with the issue of the prospectus of the Daimler Motor Company, Limited, and your comments thereon, may I say that I myself have a somewhat similar complaint to make. A prospectus of this Company reached me on the same day that it was announced that the Prince of Wales was riding in a self-propelled carriage at the Imperial Institute with two vice-presidents of the Motor Car Club, a concern which is closely related to this Company. I observed that my name appeared in the prospectus of the Daimler Motor Company in bold type, presumably as a kind of advertisement for obtaining money from the public. As to whether the prospects of this Company and the value of its property are good or bad I have nothing to say, but from letters which I have received, as well as from personal remarks made to me, I learn there is an impression that I am in some way connected with or interested in the Motor Car Club and the Daimler Motor Company. It is a source of satisfaction to me to state that I am not connected with either in any way whatever. The pro-

minent part which I have taken from the start in the self-propelled traffic movement has no doubt led many to believe that I have some financial interest in the question, present or future. I am anxious to disabuse every one of such an idea. Any part I have played in this matter has been undertaken purely out of patriotism, and from a desire not to see our nation in a worse position than those on the Continent.—Yours faithfully,

DAVID SALOMONS.

We think, considering the unwarrantable use made of his name in the Daimler prospectus, that Sir David Salomons expresses himself in exceedingly mild language, but no doubt he was unaware at the time of writing that the promoter of this Daimler Motor Company is no other than Mr. H. J. Lawson, the individual who was responsible for the unfortunate Moore & Burgess Companies, the Discount Banking Company of England and Wales, Limited, and a half a dozen other not exactly successful promotions. This, however, is unfortunately the case.

#### MORE "NO PROSPECTUS" COMPANIES.

CORSAIR CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINES, LIMITED, CAPITAL £250,000; KURNALPI GOLD EXPLORATION AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY (W.A.), LIMITED, CAPITAL £275,000.

It is difficult to find anything new to say about Companies which give one little or no material to work upon, and we should have been grateful to the promoters of these concerns if they had condescended to tell us a little more about their offspring. Mr. Herbert Moir, of the Sapphire and Ruby Company, of Montana, Limited, and Mr. W. P. Forbes, of the Central News, are, we understand, interested in the Corsair Consolidated Gold Mines, Limited. Messrs. Steadman, Van Praagh & Co. appear to be the solicitors to the Kurnalpi Gold Exploration project. We strongly advise our readers to have nothing whatever to do with either of these Companies, or with any company which is promoted secretly and does not issue a prospectus.

#### BOROUGH OF HASTINGS HARBOUR LOAN.

The promoters of this sorry scheme announce that "scrip certificates are now ready for exchange against bankers' receipts." They may be ready, but will they be applied for? That is the question. We hear that several of the bona-fide subscribers cancelled their applications upon seeing our uncompromising exposures of the hollowness of the undertaking. As we stated in the first instance, this Harbour Loan was simply a company-promoters' device to catch unwary investors, and proof of this was afforded by the fact that although, in the result, comparatively few of the public came into the scheme, the promoters have shown a singular disinclination to let them go out again. Out of a total of £200,000 asked for, it was stated that £86,300 had been subscribed. Had this been so in the case of an ordinary English Borough loan, such a result would have been called a failure, and all the application-money received would at once have been returned. But it is a very different thing with the hard-working company-promoter; for all are fish that come into his net, and he will not part with them unless he is obliged. It is not the fact even that such a sum as £86,300 was bona fide subscribed to this "Harbour" loan, for a large portion of that sum-total was made up of practically bogus applications. We have received the following letter on this subject from Messrs. Smith, PinSENT, & Co., solicitors for one of the unfortunate gentlemen who subscribed to this scheme:—

39 WATERLOO STREET, BIRMINGHAM, 17 February, 1896.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—A client of ours, Mr. John Humphries of Kidderminster, in response to the prospectus criticized in your numbers of the 1st and 8th inst., applied for £1,500 of the so-called Borough of Hastings Loan. Our client has stopped the cheque for the payment of the deposit, and repudiated his application. He would feel very much indebted to you if you would kindly put us in communication with any other investors occupying a similar position to him or their professional advisers. We gather from your paragraphs that two

prospectuses were issued. Can you without much trouble give us a reference to the "Times" or other London newspaper containing the different documents? The one sent to our client, and on which he subscribed, contains no reference to Messrs. Puchard, McTaggart & Co.'s contract.—Yours faithfully,

SMITH, PINSENT & CO.

We have had pleasure in giving Messrs. Smith, Pincott & Co. the information so courteously asked for. We have previously expressed a very strong opinion that the monies tendered on behalf of this abortive and hopeless undertaking should be immediately returned. If the promoters are wise, they will take this course voluntarily, and before pressure is brought to bear upon them, because it is quite certain that, if the law is put in motion, they can be compelled to refund every farthing they have received.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### ITALIAN PICTURES IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

OXFORD, 4 February, 1896.

SIR,—We are delighted to see that our letter, published in your paper on November 30, has elicited an answer from a student of painting, and we gladly welcome the support given by "A. L." to our appeal to all Englishmen who care for art to prevent the export of any more masterpieces from English collections. Nor are we much moved by this student's contempt for "the unpractised eyes of an English amateur." We freely admit our ignorance of the technical processes used in painting; indeed we had already confessed as much by adopting the signature "Two Amateurs." Yet we should hardly have ventured to write to you on the Italian pictures at Berlin, had we not some acquaintance with the principal galleries of Italy, as well as with our own National Gallery.

In "A. L.'s" letter we note two points: first, a general denial of our allegation that too many of the pictures at Berlin have suffered from ruthless recleaning and restoration, and, secondly, a particular criticism of our remarks on the works of Botticelli at Berlin, combined with an insinuation that our views must be due to insular ignorance. To the first we can only reply by reaffirming our belief and appealing to the judgment of critics; with the second point we propose to deal more fully, and to show that "A. L." is not a wholly trustworthy authority on the works of the most fascinating and touching of the Masters of the Early Renaissance.

"A. L." follows Dr. Bode's catalogue in asserting that the tondo in the Berlin Gallery (No. 102) betrays the hand of a pupil; yet Morelli, perhaps the greatest of modern connoisseurs, speaks of it as "genuine, splendid, and very characteristic" (the Gallery at Berlin, p. 11 in the new German edition of his critical studies on Italian paintings). Again, "A. L." attributes the Venus at Berlin (No. 1124) without comment to Botticelli, herein again following the official catalogue; but Morelli (*op. cit.* p. 13), followed by Layard in the new edition of Kugler, considers it a school picture executed in imitation of the noble original in the Uffizi.

Lastly, "A. L." deals severely with our criticism on the present condition of the great Bardi altar-piece (No. 106); yet we find that Morelli (*op. cit.* p. 11) remarks, "only it is a pity that the picture has had to suffer far too much from restoration." Nor are we convinced with regard to its condition by the parallel adduced by "A. L." from the Florentine Academy. It is true that we cannot find any picture there said to have come from the Church of St. Barbara, but it seems probable that "A. L." intended to refer to the Madonna (No. 52) with angels and saints, from the Church of St. Barnabas. His mistake, if such it be, is not without significance, since it would seem to show that his recollection of the picture, in which there is a St. Barnabas but not a St. Barbara, is somewhat hazy. In any case the picture, though still of great beauty, is said by Crowe and Cavalcaselle (vol. ii. p. 424) to be not free from retouching, and with this verdict our notes made on the spot entirely agree. This we mention, not because we suppose that our assent adds any weight to the judgment of the great historians of Italian

painting, but to prove that there is at least consistency and method in our madness.

In these, which are the only instances given in detail by "A. L." we contend that his criticism is derived either from the catalogue issued by the Berlin director (and even Dr. Bode is not infallible—e.g. in attributing "The Resurrection" to Leonardo), or from an imperfect recollection of other galleries. On the other hand, we find our own views strikingly confirmed by the leading English and Italian critics. We need hardly add that our "notions of Botticelli," such as they are, were formed by a study, if a brief one, of his great works at Rome and Florence, and that we are not concerned to defend the genuineness of the pictures ascribed to him in the National Gallery. The Venus and two at least of the Madonnas are obviously the works of pupils; but even had our study of Botticelli been confined to England, the grand design of the Palmieri Assumption and the delightfully characteristic Nativity might have saved us from the blunder gratuitously attributed to us by "A. L."—Yours, &c.

#### TWO AMATEURS.

P.S.—Since writing the above letter, we have had our attention called to Dr. Bode's reply to our former inquiries. On some points he misunderstands our meaning. We never alleged that "almost all the pictures had been cleaned so much as to be partially effaced," but that almost all had been cleaned, at the same time ascribing our disappointment with *some* of the pictures to overcleaning. Again, in saying that the reason we were unable to see Holbein's "Jörg Gisze" was that it was being restored, we were merely repeating the statement made to us in the Gallery by an attendant. But on these minor points we do not wish to insist. We fully accept Dr. Bode's statement that within the last twenty-five years scarcely a dozen early Italian pictures have been restored, and in particular that the Botticellis and Francias have not been touched; and though, we think, he can hardly mean by this to exclude in every case revarnishing and the preparatory removal of the old varnish, which, if done with insufficient care, might, we believe, produce some of the effects which we deprecate, we wish to apologize to him and Mr. Hauser for ascribing the present state of these pictures to any action on their part. What we are not prepared to believe, even on Dr. Bode's authority, is that these pictures have never suffered from restoration or over-cleaning in the past. A comparison of the Berlin Museum with the other principal galleries in Europe forbids us.

It is probably most convenient to confine our remarks to the painters mentioned in our previous letter, especially as we have no desire to prolong or extend this controversy. On Titian we will say no more, feeling that an unfortunate slip, of which Dr. Bode takes full advantage, has discounted the value of our criticism. That the Francias at Berlin worthily represent that master, or that they could be in their present state had they not been at some time restored, we cannot believe. On the condition of one of Botticelli's pictures (No. 106) we have already quoted Morelli's opinion; the other (No. 102) Dr. Bode himself in his catalogue refuses to ascribe to the master; where he sees the handiwork of pupils, we thought we detected traces of later retouching. We do not suppose that he now intends to declare the picture authentic, though his words might bear that interpretation.

Lastly, on Andrea del Sarto the Director of the Berlin Gallery observes a judicious silence. Probably he does not care to defend the portrait of Lucrezia (No. 240) against our criticism, perhaps he is conscious that the utmost efforts of Mr. Hauser have failed to repair the ruin wrought in No. 246 by its "restoration" in 1867.

This postscript is already too long, so we must leave "A. L." to discuss with Dr. Bode the magnitude of the debt owed by the Berlin Gallery to English collectors. To our statement that the Berlin authorities were the largest and most persistent buyers in Europe, we should have added "next to our own National Gallery"; but in any case we may be allowed to deplore such recent losses to our own country as the Blenheim "Dorothea," the Anslo Rembrandt, and, above all, Lord Dudley's Fra Angelico—an example of the master far superior to any in the National Gallery.

## REVIEWS.

## CONSTANTINOPLE.

"Constantinople." By Edwin A. Grosvenor, Professor of European History at Amherst College, formerly Professor at Robert College, Constantinople. With an Introduction by General L. Wallace. 2 vols. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1895.

WHEN the Secretary to the Authors' Society was inviting signatures to that precious Act of Prostitution which his Council has since wisely repudiated, some people were unkind enough to inquire the addresses of the "Authors of America" whose boots the "Authors of England" were expected, with all reverence, to lick. The result was not entirely unforeseen: it was found that the American author lives in Europe. That is to say, almost all (and they are not many) who can be called authors in any English sense have a curious preference for this exploded old continent, and pitch their tents (not seldom with official stars and stripes on the pole) in Venice or Rome, Paris or London. The reason is that it is exceedingly difficult to get a literary atmosphere in the States. There is plenty of intellectual energy there, plenty of industry in accumulating information, as in accumulating dry goods or dollars, plenty of activity in setting up that information in type of sorts. You may become a mine of "facts," and you may dish them up in an indigestible form upon super-calendered paper of the most irritating glossiness, but you cannot write a book—a piece of literature—on the soil of the almighty Republic. Or at least you can only write it, as it should be written, after many years spent in Europe in unlearning Americanese, and putting on a fairly thick veneer of that literary cultivation and scholarly habit of mind which are only known in Europe. There are men in the United States who possess learning, but very few who are what we should call scholars; for they lack the real classical *cachet*, and are amazingly deficient in the faculty of criticism. We do not mean that they are at all wanting in the power of finding fault with other students; but we do mean that they possess no critical tests by which to measure their own or other people's work.

The motive of this preamble is to prepare the reader for the announcement that Mr. Grosvenor has not lived long enough in Europe. There are people, in these disturbed days, who will declare that Turkey is outside Europe, and it is permissible at least to doubt whether the taking of classes at that excellent institution, the "Robert" American College, on the Bosphorus, is quite the best way of acquiring the necessary veneer of our "effete civilization." Mr. Marion Crawford, indeed, has been able to draw inspiration from the ruins of the Eastern Empire; but Mr. Crawford is cosmopolite, and can draw his sort of inspiration from many and various sources. He could not have picked up his style, however, in Stamboul. Mr. Grosvenor, indeed, does not usually write Americanese; but his language lacks distinction, his method is unscholarly, and he has no critical sense of proportion. There is a good deal of high-falutin' about scenery and the last Constantine; and "deathless lines," "deathless glories," "deathless triumphs," abound in "tireless" reiteration. Sir Edwin Arnold's "Pearls of the Faith" (a book impossible to get through) is a poem "among the most devout and spiritual in the English language." This may give some idea of Mr. Grosvenor's critical perceptions; but, perhaps, the best way of bringing his style and literary allegiances home to the reader will be to quote p. 228 of the first volume:—

"The genius of General Wallace has invested the White Castle of Anadoli Hissar with a peculiar romantic and poetic interest. His marvellous tale of the 'Prince of India' is equally faithful to local topography and the spirit of that age which it portrays. His characters, whether historic or fictitious, vibrate with all the more reality because the great master never trespasses upon truth in the least physical detail, but describes the rock, the stream, the hill, every feature of the landscape which he touches, with Homeric accuracy. . . . One glances northward, half expectant of the troop of

martial riders, and backward, to the west, for the swiftly coming boat of the Princess Irene and the Russian monk. He [the general or the monk?] populates the castle, now silent, cold, deserted, with its tumultuous yet obsequious throng. The sounds, which on the ear of fancy break the stillness, are the strange wooing of Mohammed with the tale of Hatim and the astrologic lore of the Prince of India. But the conclusion of the dreamer's argument is as iridescent now as four and a half centuries ago," &c.

Of course it must be mere insular ignorance, but there is no doubt that not one European reader in a thousand has the remotest conception of the iridescent conclusion of the astrologic lore with which Mohammed wooed the tale of Hatim, or would be even aware of the existence of "the great master," the "Homeric" General Lew. Wallace, but for the fact that he contributes a singularly affected preface to the present work. The great "Ben-Hur" boom has not been so lavishly reported over here as its "Trilby" successor. How deeply such ignorance is to be deplored may be divined from the commentary on the Royal Cistern (vol. i. p. 370), where we read that "one American novelist locates in it the thrilling crisis of a fascinating romance. And the foremost of American writers [General Lew. Wallace will condone our italics], in the 'Prince of India,' renders one of its alcoved corners realistic and romantic with the love-frenzy of Demedes and the agony and rescue of the kidnapped Lael." The "Authors of England" must surely have had General Lew. Wallace in mind when they composed their luckless petition; their tone would have satisfied even the partiality of Mr. Grosvenor for his old friend—which, we are bound to add, is fully shared by the Great (but sweetly indiscriminating) American Public. One can excuse these ebullitions of personal amity, but they are terribly in the road in an archæological treatise.

When Mr. Grosvenor is clear of scenery, and has not gotten the General on his back, he is a really valuable cicerone. There is no such complete and detailed account of the history and archæology and present condition of Constantinople and its neighbourhood in either the English or the American language. Indeed, except Dr. Paspati's learned works, we doubt if anything approaching this exhaustive description has been published in any tongue. The author was Paspati's companion and pupil in innumerable rambles of exploration and days of study at Constantinople, and to the teaching of this admitted authority he has added wide reading in the usual historical sources. These two sumptuous volumes, with their admirable illustrations of almost everything worth studying in Greek or Turkish antiquities and art, and all the most beautiful views about Stamboul and the Bosphorus, give far the best existing account of their enchanting subject. Mr. Grosvenor has spared no pains to make his description complete; the book is evidently a labour of love and of years—the two are not incompatible in study. The pity is that it should just fall short of the scholarly standard. The author has apparently aimed at combining "popularity" with learning; the former is wooed by "gush" and tall writing, the latter is proved by minute and conscientious descriptions of monuments, enriched with much historical research. But the "popular" book must not frighten its reader with footnotes or too many hard names, and Mr. Grosvenor has, therefore, given no references to original authorities from the beginning to the end of two massive volumes. It is unnecessary to say that this fatal omission deprives his statements of their due weight. It is evident, moreover, that he is no Orientalist—the work is full of mistakes in Arabic, Persian, and Turkish—not a technical student of Eastern art or architecture; and these deficiencies render references and citations all the more needful. The suggestion that the famous Sidon sarcophagus "may indeed be" Alexander's coffin is a dangerous admission; but Mr. Grosvenor has much to learn in archæology. Even in modern history, the subject of his chair, he may be caught tripping. He tells us, for example, that it was at the Kiosk of Kalandar that "Sir" Stratford Canning, "then a young man of twenty-five," after a sixteen hours' conference achieved the signature of the Treaty of Bucharest in May 1812, in spite of the antagonism of General Andréossy. Of course the negotiation of the

Treaty of Bucharest, without instructions from the Foreign Office, or diplomatic relations with Russia, was Mr. Stratford Canning's greatest exploit. But Stratford Canning did not get his G.C.B. till seventeen years later ; he had no struggle with General Andréossy, because the General had not then arrived at the Porte ; there was no sixteen hours' conference, but much exchange of notes ; and no meeting took place at the Kiosk of Kalendar. Mr. Grosvenor has mixed up the negotiations for the Treaty of Bucharest with those which secured the delimitation of the kingdom of Greece in July 1832. Such mistakes, added to the neglect of authenticating references, are evidence of inaccuracy and the lack of the scholarly habit, which will not be refuted by spelling Cyril Lucaris "Kyril Loukaris." It is greatly to be regretted that so useful and painstaking a work should just fall short of excellence.

There are some contemporary matters, however, as well as descriptions of scenery and existing monuments, on which the opinion of a clear-sighted observer is at least as valuable as that of a scholar. One of these is the character of the present Sultan—whom some of our contemporaries delight to honour with the solecistic title of "Abdul the Damned," which, being translated, means "Servant-of-the damned" (*sic*). "May succeeding sovereigns as enlightened, as philanthropic, as generous, as his present Imperial Majesty, sit upon the Ottoman throne," says Mr. Grosvenor, after a long and intimate acquaintance with Constantinople. Again (ii. 774), he speaks of "the enlightened and progressive leadership of its Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid II." and the "scholarly liberality" of the Sultan in building the Museum, and providing all funds for antiquarian research from his private purse. "But a still sincerer respect and homage are due to the present Sultan, because of the intellectual and moral qualities which characterize him as a ruler and a man. . . . There is no problem too humble or detail too minute to receive his careful consideration. Sympathetic, generous, and large-hearted, he endeavoured to benefit as well as rule his people. No other living sovereign has equalled him in gifts to the unfortunate and suffering. Not only the capital but countless villages cherish tokens of his interest and regard. He has shown a constant desire to advance education among his subjects. . . . He has frequently urged the necessity of educating women. . . . The many political evils in the Ottoman State . . . are not his creation, but his inheritance. These he has endeavoured to mitigate and reform. No foreigner can adequately express, or perhaps fully appreciate, all the difficulties of his position. No task can be more arduous, delicate, and intricate than that committed to his hands. . . . His imperial state he maintains with becoming dignity, but, frugal and abstemious in personal habits, does not squander his revenues in ostentatious display or frivolous extravagance. He is grave, reserved, and seldom smiles; is kindly and solicitous for the welfare of those about him, and scrupulously faithful to the requirements of his religion" (i. 72-5). This reminds us of Mr. Marion Crawford's recent eulogy of the Turk. It is curious how all who know the Osmanli at home like and admire him. It is only in the perspective of a Fleet Street office that he develops an imaginary resemblance to the Devil.

#### THE ETERNAL JEW.

"*Israel among the Nations.*" By Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu. Translated by Frances Hellman. London : William Heinemann; New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895.

"*Jewish Ideals.*" By Joseph Jacobs. London : David Nutt; New York : Macmillan & Co. 1896.

**A**S M. Leroy-Beaulieu is not a Jew, his defence of an unpopular race must be allowed to be chivalrous. The French are freer from religious prejudices than any other nation, and M. Drumont's "*France Juive*," to which "*Israel among the Nations*" is an answer, was prompted far more by social dislike than by any orthodox horror of a non-Christian creed. The point of M. Drumont's book is that the modern Jews are a sensual, money-grubbing race, who are slowly but steadily corrupting the morals of every nation which is

foolish enough to allow them to live on terms of freedom and equality in its midst. Patriots they cannot be, because they have no country : and M. Drumont drew a touching picture of these supple, swarthy Orientals supplanting the Frenchman in his own country, Panamizing his politics, and vulgarizing his amusements. M. Drumont, in short, saw the Jew in all things, and he attempted to do that which Burke declared impossible—namely, to draw an indictment against a whole people. The answer of M. Leroy-Beaulieu is, in effect, that the Jews are no worse than other folk ; that there is no such thing as a distinctively Jewish spirit ; and that the most striking characteristic about the modern Jew is his adaptability, the ease with which he assimilates the feelings and ideas of the nation which he adopts, and imitates the tone of society by which he is surrounded. M. Leroy-Beaulieu contends that the Jew is not the corrupter, but the corrupted ; and he more than insinuates that Paris has been the Capua of the Hebrew troops. We think that the answer of M. Leroy-Beaulieu is a good one, for reasons which we give below, and we cannot help quoting a very acute observation which this liberal-minded Frenchman passes upon the better class of Hebrew. "The cultured Israelite," says M. Beaulieu, "is able to view his own country from within and without ; he apprehends the national spirit like a native, and judges it like a stranger." This is perfectly true of Lord Beaconsfield, and was the secret of his strength and originality. Talking of that statesman, by-the-by, M. Leroy-Beaulieu makes a grossly ignorant blunder, which is almost incredible in so well-read an author. On p. 207 of the translation he is made to say, "even after having been admitted to our Western colleges, the Jewish youths were for a long time objects of derision. . . . Benjamin Disraeli, for instance, never forgot nor forgave the cruelties of which he was a victim at Eton and Harlowe (*sic*) during his childhood." And then in a footnote we are informed that "these sufferings and heartburnings of his youth have been described by Disraeli in two of his earliest novels, '*Contarini Fleming*' and '*Vivian Grey*.'" Disraeli was undoubtedly one of the most distinguished Jews who ever lived, and we should have thought that a student and champion of the race would have taken the trouble, if not to read his books, at least to inform himself as to the facts of his life. Disraeli, of course, was never at either Eton or Harrow (how he could have been at both is a puzzle), nor indeed at any English public school ; and had M. Leroy-Beaulieu read "*Vivian Grey*" he would know that it is a record, not of the sufferings of a Jew boy, but of the dazzling triumph of a young and reckless adventurer, with "a little gipsy blood," over the stupidity of the English aristocracy.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu reminds us that the Jewish was at one time a proselytizing religion, and that as a matter of history it very nearly became a formidable competitor with Christianity for the favour of the civilized world. But the religious and historical aspects of the Jewish question are, to tell the truth, of little interest to-day, except to a handful of specialists. The orthodox Jews diminish, and the reformed Jews increase, and on the reformed Jew his religious views sit lightly. We say this out of no disrespect to enthusiasts like Mr. Jacobs, and we think that the critics of the Jew, when they dwell on the religious side of the case, are transparently insincere. The cry about judaizing society is in our opinion mere cant, because we agree with M. Leroy-Beaulieu that while the physical race-marks of the Jew are strong and persistent, he has no intellectual race-marks. There have been many great musicians who were Jews, but there is no such thing as a Jewish school of music. The race has produced great orators, lawyers, poets, philosophers, and generals : but it is impossible to detect any race-note which is common to the successful specimens, and which differentiates them from the successful men of other races. Heine, Rubinstein, Disraeli, Lassalle, and Gambetta were all great men in their own line ; but is there anything distinctively Jewish in their respective musical, literary, or rhetorical talents ? We cannot deny that in two departments of modern life the Jews would seem to be omnipresent and almost invariably successful—journalism and finance. In the European press the Jews are incontestably power-

ful. But we doubt whether the case for raciality in this direction can be put higher than this—that when Jews devote themselves to reading and writing, they do constantly develop a vein of mordant irony and witty invective, of which the writings of Heine and the speeches of Disraeli are the best examples, and which makes them valuable contributors to current controversy. As for finance, when Jews apply themselves to business, we believe that they do show, whether from inherited aptitude or not, a fairly constant supply of what may be called, for want of a better name, organizing brains—the capacity, that is, of picking up and piecing together details. But this quality is by no means invariable in or confined to the race. To suppose that there are any peculiarly Jewish methods of finance is childish, as any one acquainted with the ways of the City of London can testify.

Why are the Jews so unpopular? Mr. Jacobs, their cultivated and courageous champion, admits that, "looking around me, I find that Jews are getting themselves disliked, as the saying goes, in all the lands of civilization"; and he seeks for an explanation. Are they too good? No. Are they too clannish? "Quakers and Scotchmen are also clannish, and yet they are not disliked overmuch." Mr. Jacobs thinks the explanation is that they are too combative: there is no repose in the relations of Jews to others. "The Jew carries on the conflict of life into affairs where there should be no conflict. He converses on politics, the theatre, a friend's character, or what not; he is never content unless he comes off victor, or at least has the last word. 'If you want to stop a Jew's talk,' a friend once said to me, 'agree with all he says: without the stimulus of conflict he cannot continue.'" There is a good deal of truth in this, and we are convinced that the unpopularity of the Jews is due not to religious bigotry or race-prejudice, but to social and physical deficiencies. The manners of most Jews fall below the standard of good society. They lack, as a rule, the dignity of people who are sure of their position. Familiarity is their idea of easy intercourse, and when they are not cringing, they are apt to be insolent, just to show their independence. We do not allege these superficial defects as matters of blame: there is an historical cause for them; only, they do not make for popularity. There is another thing. Englishmen have their own ideas of male and female beauty; they have a strong and almost universal preference for the tall, straight, fair, Scandinavian type. The Sephardic or Spanish branch of the Jewish race undoubtedly produces handsome men and beautiful women, but they are dark-coloured, and generally small of stature and weakly of constitution. They are antipodean to the muscular, fair, type which Englishmen admire. To the philosopher it may seem foolish to explain the dislike of a race by the fact that it does not excel in sport or games, and that it is short and dark. But the majority of men are not philosophers, and in nine cases out of ten a man's dislike of his neighbour is founded on some silly, external accident. The wealthy Jews are now sending their sons to English public schools, and no doubt in time the physical deficiencies of the Jews will disappear. There remains one question of interest. How is it that there is no Jewish question in England, in the sense that there is in Germany and France and Austria? We leave Russia out of the case, because in Russia it is a question of the Government dealing with masses of degraded poor. But in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna the Jewish question is a burning social topic, which it is not in London. How is this? The answer is that in Germany, France, and Austria *la haute finance*, the commercial aristocracy, is almost entirely composed of Jews, which has never been the case in England. In the luxurious life of Continental capitals the Jewish bankers bulk a great deal larger than they do in London. The Rothschilds, the Sterns, the Bleichroeders, and the Mendelsohns, seem in Paris, Vienna, and Berlin literally to "hold the field." But the English aristocracy is very rich, and is mixed both socially and matrimonially with the brewers and bankers that stand next to it. In London, therefore, such is the energy of the British race, for every Jewish millionaire there springs up a British millionaire by his side. For a Beit there is a Rhodes, for a Bar-

nato there is a Robinson; while the Rothschilds, the Sterns, and the Goldsmids are overshadowed by the Barings, the Lubbocks, the Couttses, the Glynns, the Basses, the Guinesses, and the Allsopps. In other words, the Jewish bankers are overtopped by the peerage, the "beverage," and the bankage, if we may coin a word, of the successful British families. There is thus no jealousy of Jewish wealth in London. We are as a nation too rich for that, and like the Romans of old we have the imperial instinct of absorbing into our system valuable elements from a variety of sources.

#### FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN AMERICA, 1697-1763.

"France and England in America, 1697-1763." By Justin Winsor. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1895.

M R. JUSTIN WINSOR is well known on this side of the Atlantic no less than on his own as a competent authority on the early history of the English colonies in America—if it be permissible to call any history early which is not yet three hundred years old. In this, his last work, he is straying into the realm which Mr. Parkman made his own, and tells, in a single solid volume of some 500 pages, of the great struggle for domination in North America which covered the first six decades of the eighteenth century. The book is an eminently useful and suggestive pabulum for the average English reader, who knows nought of Doyle's or Parkman's books, and has drawn his general views on the subject from Seeley's "Expansion of England" or Green's Short History. As a rule, it may be said that Englishmen know something of the details of the war of 1755-1763, a very little of those of the "Old French War," and absolutely nothing of anything that went before. We wonder how many in a thousand of those of us who take an interest in history could give any account of Vetch and Walker's attack on Quebec in 1711, or state what was the first English settlement beyond the Appalachian Mountains.

The main purpose of Mr. Winsor's book is to lay stress on that side of the rivalry between England and France which turned on exploration rather than on fighting. The reader will look in vain for details of the assault of Ticonderoga or the battle on the Heights of Abraham. On the other hand, he will find an elaborate exegesis of all the points of difficulty in the travels of Iberville, or Governor Spotswood, or La Salle. Much remains to be done in identifying the lakes and rivers and Indian tribes described in more or less vague terms by the early travellers; and Mr. Winsor does his best to clear up all such puzzles.

Many of the points which this book brings into prominence are of curious interest. Perhaps the most noteworthy is the very late discovery of the importance of the Mississippi. For more than two hundred years after De Soto and other early Spanish explorers had crossed it near its mouth, no one—Spanish, French, or English—suspected that it was the main artery of the North American continent. Its divided mouths, with their long miles of swamp, seem to have disguised its greatness from the many voyagers who passed up and down the Gulf of Mexico. The French of Canada, and somewhat later the English of the Atlantic seaboard, got a vague knowledge of a "great river of the West" at second hand from the Indians. But that this river flowed into the Gulf of Mexico was not suspected: some thought that it was the upper water of the St. Lawrence which fed the Great Lakes; others imagined that it ran westward into the Gulf of California. The latter view was very popular all through the seventeenth century, and had its ultimate origin in the old myth of Juan de Fuca and the Straits of Anian, which had fixed deep in the minds of geographers the idea that waterways from the Pacific penetrated far into the continent on its western side. That the Pacific slope was very short, and that the main breadth of America belonged to rivers falling into the Mexican Gulf, was a discovery made only in the end of the seventeenth century. It was not till the French trader, La Salle (1681), embarking on the upper waters of the tributaries of the Mississippi, found himself at last looking out on the sea of the South and not

that of the West, that the mistake was rectified. Long after even La Salle's time the old misconception kept repeating itself in the atlases of the eighteenth century. The upper waters of the Mississippi were made to communicate with the Red River and Lake Winnipeg, and these again were linked to Lake Superior : or, on the other hand, the Missouri was extended to within a few miles of the Pacific, and made to interlock with rivers flowing into that ocean.

As Mr. Winsor very clearly shows, the first rivalry of England and France in the inland of North America had its origin in these old geographical misconceptions. When the early charters of Virginia and Carolina were drawn out, no knowledge of the Mississippi Basin existed, and it was generally believed that America was much less broad than is really the case. Hence these documents, which gave the colonies the grant of a belt of country running right across the continent from Atlantic to Pacific, ludicrously underestimated the size of the territory which they purported to convey. Moreover, the Appalachian Mountains proved for a full century a complete barrier to the extension of our colonization westward. They were, as Mr. Winsor observes, perhaps one of the most formidable mountain barriers that ever existed. This was not due to their height, but to the thick forest that covered them—"The finest to be found in any region beyond the tropical parts of the earth, with an undergrowth of brushwood and vine, and a density that prevented a clearing becoming arable for ten or twenty years after its being deforested." Through this wilderness there were only a few Indian tracks by which the Chickasaws came to trade with Carolina. Meanwhile the French, starting much later than the English, came upon the waterway of the Great Lakes, and pushing along it as far as Detroit, began to trade with the Illinois Indians, who showed them the comparatively short and easy "Portages" by which goods could be got from the heads of Erie and Michigan to the upper waters of the Wabash and Ohio. While the French trappers and *courreurs des bois* were feeling their way down these streams, and ultimately into the Mississippi, the English colonists were almost wholly ignorant that their claims to stretch across the continent were being vitiated by the actual establishment of alien settlements due west of them. La Salle had discovered the track down the Mississippi in 1681, and the trading ports of the French at Kaskasia and Vincennes had been ten years in existence, yet as late as 1720 the Governor of Virginia wrote that "in the space westward of us I do not know the French yet have any settlements, nor is it probable that from their new plantation [Louisiana] they will be able for some years to reach the southern boundaries mentioned in the charter of Virginia" (p. 128). Between 1700 and 1730 the claims of the English were gradually slipping from them, almost without their own knowledge. The only conscious attempt to stop the preoccupation of the Mississippi basin by the French was that of the elder Coxe in 1698 : his exploring ship was met by the first French settlers near the Mississippi mouth, and turned back. Mr. Winsor does not believe the old story which relates that Bienville got the English captain to depart by assuring him that he had come up the wrong river, and that the true Mississippi lay some distance to the west. The younger Coxe tried to rouse public interest in 1722, and published an account of his father's doings, but nothing came of his attempt to prove that "Carolina" legally included the mouths of the Mississippi. Probably the friendship then existing between the English Ministry and the Regent Orleans caused the former to discourage the pressing of claims which would be certain to raise trouble between the two countries.

Thus the French interest on the Mississippi grew strong, and the great scheme for confining the English east of the Appalachians not only was conceived, but came very near completion. If it had not been that the Governors of Canada unwisely tried to turn all trade down the St. Lawrence, and to discourage it from going south to New Orleans, the settlements down the banks of the great river would have been yet stronger. Even as it was, the whole basin of the Mississippi and Ohio fell into their hands, and they pushed east year after year so steadily, that the first armed collision between

the two nations beyond the mountains took place on Pennsylvanian soil, when Washington and Jumonville fell out in 1754, and came to blows at Great Meadows.

Considering the energy and persistence that English explorers have always shown, it is curious to find that we nearly lost our domination in North America by our slowness in westward exploration, and only regained it after many checks and disasters by purely military successes in Louisbourg and Quebec.

We must spare a word of praise for Mr. Winsor's maps. They are very numerous and very clear : at least thirty of them are carefully reproduced from eighteenth-century originals, and render it easy for us to follow narratives of the explorers of the time, by showing the various mistaken ideas as to the run of hills and rivers which determined their movements. The pioneers were so handicapped by preconceived notions of geographers and the lying tales of the Indians, that they wasted their labour on many tasks—such as that of finding the great waterway to the Pacific—which it would never enter the heads of those who know modern maps to conceive as seriously worth the trying. We wish that we could say that Mr. Winsor's style pleased us as much as his maps : but we must confess that the book both begins and ends abruptly, and that it lapses into Americanisms such as "to reach the great seas back of Newfoundland," or "the Scotch-Irish which were to be the most enduring of pioneers," in a manner which sometimes irritates a reader born on this side of the Atlantic.

#### LYRICAL VERSE FROM ELIZABETH TO VICTORIA.

"Lyrical Verse from Elizabeth to Victoria." Selected and edited by Oswald Crawford. London: Chapman & Hall. 1896.

To select and edit a collection of English lyrical verse is to challenge comparison with Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," which hitherto has held the field, not to speak of the later and lesser enterprises of Mr. Beeching and many others. Merely to supplement Palgrave's work by the addition of lyrics which are wanting to that admirable collection is, generally speaking, the aim of the successive enterprises of this kind which are taken in hand every year ; or, if this is not the aim, the selection is confined to a single subject, as in Mr. William Watson's attractive little anthology of love poems. Mr. Oswald Crawford, whose preface is a model of concise and competent criticism, has aimed at greater originality in his selection, and his achievement fully justifies his more ambitious aim. He has wisely confined himself to the period between two of the great eras of English poetry, the reign of Elizabeth and the reign of Victoria. Of the lyrics of the reign of Elizabeth, the heyday of England's greatness in poetry as in affairs, he gives ample and admirably chosen selections. At the reign of Victoria he is unfortunately barred by the Law of Copyright and the limits of the volume.

Here, however, we must differ from Mr. Crawford ; for, since it was impossible to give a really representative selection, we think it was a mistake to touch on the reign of Victoria at all. He would be the first to admit that Emily Brontë and Father Prout, though their work has merit, are in no way leading lyrists of the present reign. The selections from Father Prout might possibly be defended for another reason, as the selections that close the volume ; for it is in the prominence given to humour and to the *vers de société* of each reign that Mr. Crawford differs most widely from Palgrave and other editors. Mr. Crawford advances an argument that at first sight has considerable force against selecting from the poets of our own time. We are too near them, he says, too much imbued with the spirit of the age, to do them critical justice. "Contemporary criticism has constantly been proved by posterity to be, in the main, mistaken criticism." This is in the main true ; but we would venture to maintain a very different proposition. We would venture to maintain that it is possible to select from the Victorian poets—from Rossetti, Tennyson, Swinburne, for instance—lyrical verse of a supreme excellence that can

be found only in the work of a dozen of the greatest poets who have used the English language.

The fact is that one of the distinguishing characteristics of our time has been the notable advance of knowledge and taste in the matter of rhythm and metre, and in a lesser degree in the choice of diction. For this we have to thank the three poets we have named, and perhaps, as regards rhythm and metre and the subtleties of word-music, the one who is still writing among us deserves our chief thanks, while the supremacy of the word-music of Swinburne is most nearly approached by the excellence of the word-painting of Tennyson.

To return to Mr. Crawfurd's selection. His arrangement under the reigns of successive sovereigns, though the rational and wise arrangement, has its difficulties when he comes to apply it. With commendable good sense he does not let himself be bound by a somewhat doubtful rule based on the questionable statement that few men have written much verse after forty, or much of value before twenty-five. His rule is that the works of each poet shall be set down under the sovereign in whose reign that poet completed the first thirty years of his age. By this rule Milton would fall under Charles I. Mr. Crawfurd, seeing the impropriety of this, places him under the Commonwealth. In general, however, the actual arrangement could scarcely be bettered. The same may be said of the selection, in which the achievements of "Anonymous" bulk large. Of course we miss a good deal we should like to see included; but then Mr. Crawfurd is bound by the limits of the book. Had he given us two volumes instead of one, no doubt several poets, Crashaw included, would have been more fully represented. But when all is said in way of deduction from its merits, Mr. Crawfurd's collection remains an admirable work of its kind; admirable in its arrangement, leaving little to be desired in what it includes and excludes, and nothing to be desired in the point of its get-up—the beautiful and tasteful garb which fits the volume to be an ornament to drawing-room or boudoir—while its contents will recommend it alike to the cultivated man or woman of the world and to the serious student of English poetry.

#### THE HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING.

"The History of Modern Painting." By Richard Muther. 3 vols. Vol. I. London: Henry & Co. 1895.

THE original title of Professor Muther's work was "The History of Painting in the Nineteenth Century," and though these volumes begin with Hogarth, this is a more accurate indication of the contents. Modern painting really begins in seventeenth-century Holland, and with Velasquez. But the present century is ample field enough, and, as the introduction points out, its painters demand quite another treatment from the historian than even those so near to us in spirit as the great Dutchmen. He has no longer to busy himself with the dating of pictures, with biographical details, with the detection of false attributions; here the ground is already prepared for him. His capital difficulty, on the contrary, is that of grappling with the immensity of the material provided. Let us say at once that Professor Muther has here achieved a surprising success. As we read on, we are overwhelmed by the extraordinary range of his travels, of his memory, of his reading. His standpoint is a central standpoint; and so far from being crushed by the battalions of artists whom he has invoked, he marshals them with the practised method of a drill-sergeant. One may complain of this, and protest that there is too much of method. The various movements could not really have been so neatly planned, such complex evolution so effectively arranged. But this is only the defect of a solid excellence; without a little of this over-emphasis the lines of development would not have shown so plainly: it is easy to follow the narrative, and the result is extremely readable. Only a German professor, surely, could have managed so huge a task, and carried it out so thoroughly. But from German professors we do not look for vivacity and lightness: yet Professor Muther has, to a certain extent, these qualities also. It is not the vivacity of the Frenchman, a native manner: there is a trace of

effort in it; it is like gesture in an Englishman. But it is sufficient to carry us through dull periods in a pleasant way. This deliberate heightening and accenting of the normally placid and cumbrous German style leads now and then to exaggeration, to a false note, which reminds one of some of the too vehement judgments of a great German, also determined on being brilliant in spite of his mother-tongue—MommSEN. It is striking a false note to speak of Calot's "Misères de la Guerre" as a "liebenswürdiges Märchenspiel" ("an amiable fairyland"), even with the more gripping realism of Goya fresh in the mind. But such slips are rare with our author, who has certainly something of that almost careless ease of MommSEN, the ease of a man conscious of absolute mastery over his material. It is not difficult to find fault with some of his judgments: for who could hope to say the last word on such multifarious productions of a period so recent? But, as we have said, Professor Muther's criticism is central: there is no trace in it of national bias: his artistic convictions are strong and clear, and guide his verdicts throughout. What those convictions are, we soon learn: a passage on Greuze will serve to illustrate them. "Greuze was the father of *genre* painting in France,—that barbaric, story-telling art which replaced the picturesque and well-observed selections from nature of the Dutch, by *tableaux vivants* based upon the literary idea." "The burden of interest will be laid no longer upon the art, but upon an accessory circumstance." This is admirably said. After all the obscuring clouds raised by the literary art critics, from Diderot downwards, the truth here indicated is at length emerging, but even now how slowly, into solid recognition. Dr. Muther here lays his finger on the canker of modern art. It is remarkable that the men who have achieved the most entire and unequivocal success in modern painting, men like Gainsborough, Crome, Constable, Millet, Corot, have been men of a sort of rustic nature and education, who have followed their own instincts without paying attention to theories. Few have been great enough to avoid the dangers, while assimilating the profits, of literary culture. Nor is this vice of trying to paint what should be written the only one that has lost souls. Another, the reverence for bad tradition, has ruined scores of rich talents. A good tradition, with artists as with soldiers, is an admirable thing: it makes the strong confident, and it sustains the weak. But a tradition that is bad is doubly potent for mischief. The reader of the present work finds in every chapter instances of some fine gift lost to the world, because the man was not certain of his own way, and tradition deluded him. There is something very pathetic in stories of artists like Gros, "a Classic by education, a Romantic by temperament, a man who took the greatest pride in giving the lie as a teacher to the work he had accomplished as an artist," and who drowned himself in the end, a martyr to his delusion. In France, where the Latin tradition, both in poetry and painting, has been so immensely strong, such cases are all too numerous. The Germans, with their love of theorizing and vain learning, have also had many careers to deplore. England, though she has produced a lamentable number of anecdoteS, has yet enjoyed the best tradition, one deriving from that of Holland; and English painting has always possessed a certain robustness of practice, a love of nature and contempt for academic theories, which have kept it vital. It was from England that now and again French art renewed its vigour. Constable and Bonington opened up the road for the great French landscapists; Géricault and Delacroix, the heroes of the "Romantics," found in the English masters the only school where "colour and effect were understood." We have, indeed, every reason to be proud of our painting; and Dr. Muther does it full justice. But we have no reason to be proud of the general ignorance amongst us of modern Continental art; and this work, the only one in existence from which a fairly full knowledge of it can be gained, will, we hope, remove this reproach. We look forward to seeing the English edition of the remaining two volumes (may they be equally well translated!), in which Turner and Constable, the Barbizon School, the Preraphaelites, and Whistler are among the painters treated of. But more fascinating in indi-

vidual figures as the succeeding volumes must be, they cannot surpass the present volume in the interest of its story. The period, with all its alarms and excursions, its defeats and rallyingings, its despotsisms and rebellions, little as these promoted the cause of art itself, provides at least a history as crowded and as stirring as a novel.

#### UNDER CRESCENT AND STAR.

"Under Crescent and Star." By Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Haggard, D.S.O. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1895.

THIS little book recounts the experiences of an officer with the Egyptian army during the stirring times which followed our first occupation of the country. He was just too late for Tel-el-Kebir; but he tells us much of Suakin, and El Teb, and Tamai, and Hasheen, and Guinness. The style is light and lively, and the author has many interesting and amusing anecdotes to recount, the perusal of which, no doubt, will help many to while away an idle afternoon. How much real hard fighting some of our men and officers saw in Egypt and the Soudan is very often forgotten by people at home. No doubt at Guinness, Toski, and some of the later fights, the Arabs did not come on in quite the same determined manner as they did at first. Even religious fanaticism must cool somewhat under the pitiless pelting of machine-gun bullets and storms of shrapnel shell; but the British and Egyptian soldiers were called upon in the earlier battles to show the very utmost staunchness and courage. And that they did show it, in spite of the hideous blunders occasionally made by officers in high command, is what saved us more than once from crushing disaster. It is when speaking of such gallant deeds that Colonel Haggard is at his best, and his book is one which, as regards the military history which it contains, will form a welcome addition to our regimental libraries. There are, however, serious faults of style and taste visible in those portions which are more or less taken up with the author's experiences in matters which have a more or less social and personal character, and these we consider might with considerable advantage have been amended. Occasionally, indeed, even where purely military matters are concerned, Colonel Haggard allows his pen to get a little the better of his judgment. Our recruits from Ireland may not always be of the best possible type, but Irishmen and Irish regiments have nevertheless over and over again shown themselves worthy of the best traditions of our army. It was the Royal Irish who gained the prize given by Lord Wolseley to the regiment which was first in the race up the Nile to rescue Gordon. Yet it is of the Reserve men, who were on their way to join that very corps in 1882, that Colonel Haggard says, "of all the unruly and insubordinate scoundrels it has ever been my lot to meet wearing the British uniform, those Irish Reserve men were the worst. I could easily understand the feelings of the wretched Captain of the 87th, who had experienced the delights of bringing these gallant soldiers from Clonmel and Armagh respectively, when he said they were not men that he was in command of, but that they were either wild beasts or devils from hell." And so on in the same strain. Now, if all that is here set down be true, our service as regards its Irish regiments must be in a very bad way, unless, which is not at all probable, the state of things has marvellously altered in the last twelve years. If, on the other hand, there is exaggeration or extravagance about the language used, then a gallant regiment and a fine body of men have been grossly libelled. But whether true or not, we think our author would have been better advised had he not spoken out quite so strongly in public concerning a subject so likely to be viewed with jealousy by the officers and men who belong to our Irish corps. Further on in the book, p. 75, we come across a description of adventures which offends against good taste in quite a different way, and which displays an utter disregard of decorum and a want of modesty which is happily rarely met with amongst Englishmen. People don't usually write about their amours in public. The wisest don't even speak on such matters, and if they have dubious relations with the other sex, keep them to themselves. But apparently our author is proud of his pec-

cadilloes, and even encourages the younger generation to seek success similar to what he tells us he has achieved. There are boastings, too, as to his valour as a trencherman; and apparently he plumes himself as much on his performances at the table as in the field. Such things are however, after all, chiefly a matter for individuals to decide for themselves; and if Colonel Haggard chooses to exhibit himself in a particular character, it is a matter which affects himself chiefly. But when he makes free with the names of persons still living, the matter is one which calls for energetic protest. On p. 167 we are told how a certain distinguished staff officer, now serving not a hundred miles from London, behaved in a way which certainly displayed neither good fellowship nor good manners. "What grieved and pained me most was, perhaps, seeing my brother Egyptian . . . [we decline to lend our aid towards a further publication of the gentleman's name] with a beautiful bottle of beer, poured out in a long tumbler standing by his side, and other bottles close at hand; while it never seemed to enter into his head for a moment that I might possibly be thirsty after my trying march," &c. If the story be true (and we are far from suggesting anything else), the hit is a very palpable one; but is it the sort of story to put into a book without the slightest effort to disguise the personality of the individual concerned?

Another anecdote which is well told, and is undoubtedly most amusing, tells us how a certain well-known Admiral gave his guests champagne which was of a peculiar flavour, and how they were perforce obliged to qualify it with soda-water ere they gulped it down. A distinguished officer assured the noble Admiral, who had taken offence at the way in which his wine was treated, that the addition was only made "to bring the flavour out." What spoils the story, to our mind, is that the names of all the actors in the scene are given in full, and that not the slightest compunction is shown in thus permanently recording an incident which can hardly fail to offend and hurt the feelings of the host and all his friends and relatives. The unwritten law which makes people refrain from such purely personal details until years have intervened is a sound one, and we regret greatly that Colonel Haggard has not seen fit to respect it. Personal feelings have with us always been regarded, even where great issues in policy or war were under discussion. In consequence of this many valuable lights have never yet been thrown on the events of the Waterloo campaign and of the Crimean War. There is possibly such a thing as a too great nicety or over-scrupulousness in such matters, but, on the other hand, to err as our author has now done seems a step altogether too far in the opposite direction. Moreover the book would be every whit as interesting and amusing had the canons of "good taste" been less barbarously outraged. It is the adventure and fighting that will attract readers, not the transcription of smoking-room gossip, or the publication of reminiscences which are chiefly remarkable for their lack of due reticence.

#### IN SCARLET AND SILK.

"In Scarlet and Silk." By Fox Russell, Author of "Cross Country Reminiscences." London: Bellairs & Co. 1896.

M R. RUSSELL is an ardent admirer of "The Druid," and has adopted the title of one of "The Druid's" books with slight modification. For "Silk and Scarlet" we have "In Scarlet and Silk." But the harmless plagiarism goes no further, and indeed Mr. Russell gives a sort of sequel in Mr. Dixon's manner and style. The two have much in common. Both are enthusiastic amateurs of sport, and had a miscellaneous acquaintance with sporting men of many classes. Both were blessed with singularly retentive memories, and are ready with the amusing stories which serve to illustrate their points. Both have the power of memory at which we marvel—a memory which masters far-fetched equestrian pedigrees, and seems to dispense with perpetual references to the Stud Book. Perhaps Mr. Russell is more catholic in his tastes than Dixon. He is a good all-round man, preferring the pigskin to

the pen, and keen upon all kinds of mounted sport. Surtees observes that Mr. Soapey Sponge was not fool enough to risk his neck for a red-herring. Mr. Russell is not of that opinion. When he cannot follow the wild fox or the carted deer, he is at least as happy galloping after a drag. In fact, that artificial sport has special attractions of its own for him, as the ordinary perils of the chase may be easily increased to a maximum. The line may be laid at will across the stiffest fences and most formidable brooks; as there is no cooling of the scent till the pre-arranged check, a cloud of horsemen may come to grief at "a crumpler," to be disentangled into a list of more or less serious casualties. We do not admire drag-hunting, as we do not carry a spare neck in our pocket; but at least it requires zeal and earnestness, and should give guarantee for an admirer writing with zest. And there is one pleasant feature about sporting authors and the hunting correspondents of the sporting journals. They are almost invariably civil to everybody, and when they have anything disagreeable to say they suppress the name of the victim. Compliments are scattered broadcast over Mr. Russell's pages, though we dare say the civilities may be not undeserved. For himself, he was entered very young to the saddle, and he tells the story of his first experiences on a fractious pony, when a stony-hearted grandfather, who had undertaken the coaching, gave him little sympathy when he came to grief. "Pick yourself up and go at it again," seems to have been the moral then impressed upon the juvenile. And on that maxim he has acted through life. He has many a melancholy tale to tell of crippling falls in the hunting-field and of fatal accidents between the flags. Yet he lightly dismisses the dangers of steeplechasing as "all in the day's work," although it would appear that the soldier on active service or the deep-level miner might treat on easier terms with the Accident Assurance Company than the gentleman jockey. "I have had my fair share of accidents, and have ribs, collar-bone, and arms broken some two or three times each, and once sustained a slight concussion of the brain, but have never been seriously—that is, dangerously—injured in my life except once."

Having given a general idea of the book, we can only glance through the chapters, which contain not a few useful hints, as well as much that is entertaining and suggestive. Mr. Russell discusses the mystery of scent or no scent, although he does not profess to solve the problem. We can understand how a hare may sit unmolested in her form while the hounds are puzzling all around; but why should scent float a couple of feet above the ground, and never reach the nostrils of the questing dogs? A hound throws up his head; the doubtful whimper of discovery swells into a joyous chorus, and the cheery pack are again on the line. We question whether masters of hounds in the home counties will be grateful for the excellent practical information which is given as to counties adjacent to London and the most convenient means of getting at them. Mr. Russell is well acquainted with all, from the Southdown and East Kent to the Old Berkshire, and indicates their character and comparative advantages. In some districts the "pleasure" is chiefly labour and pain, for you have to choose between sticky clay on the flat and stiff chalk-hills bestrewn with flints; Essex, as he says, has greatly improved of late years: it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and distressed farmers have been laying down their lands in pasture. But he laments the incursions of the speculative builder, which have been turning meadows and downs into semi-detached villas. Nowadays it is not only in West Middlesex that after a sharp burst, in the words of Grantley Berkeley, the horses may be up to their hocks in the cucumber-frames. That is an argument he advances in favour of suburban drag-hounds. The intelligence of the two-footed quarry steers clear of the pavements and gas-lamps. There are three or four packs of staghounds within easy reach of the metropolis, and Mr. Russell indignantly refutes the accusation of cruelty. We cannot assent, and therein we are inclined to agree with Mr. Jorrocks, who broke out in a vehement denunciation of staghunters and muggers, when he should have been angling for subscriptions from all sportsmen at the memorable hunt dinner. Following the wild deer in Exmoor is one thing, and

Mr. Russell describes it well. It is quite another to turn out what Jorrocks called "a great lolling calf," and when the stiff-jointed wretch has nevertheless given the slip to the field, to let it be worried by the hounds in some shallow mill-pool, before the huntsman comes up to return it to its carriage. The stag at bay beneath the highland cataract is a formidable foe, and the fiercest deerhound may shrink from facing him. But it is pitiful to see that same brave instinct abused when the position for defence is so feeble and the assailants are twenty to one.

There is excellent advice, and serviceable to poor men, as to buying hunters and potential steeplechasers. Mr. Russell says he has never had superfluity of cash; but by using his eyes and knowing the points of a horse he has made many a good and cheap bargain. To be sure, he has two great points in his favour: he is a feather-weight and he likes to break his own colts. A heavy man who wishes to be carried safely in an easy-chair should go to a crack dealer and give the dealer his own price. Wonderfully stories Mr. Russell has to tell of marvellous investments made in clever steeplechasers by speculators who understood what they were about. The chapters on steeplechasing are elliptical, allusive, and lavishly studded with *sobriquets*, so that in their fulness they are only intelligible to the initiated. But they contain a great deal of sound sense and some golden rules. Bold rider as he is, the author takes up his parable strongly against the artificial water-jumps with a low rail on the take-off, which are simply so many death or danger-traps. The horse unschooled on the training ground sees no signs of a natural ditch, and blunders and trips in the unfamiliar obstacle. Mr. Russell asserts rightly that, in nine cases out of ten, the rider had better dispense with whip and spur. The horse in the spirit of emulation is as keen to win as the rider, and the untimely application of a severe stimulant only throws him out of his stride. With boy jockeys in flat racing it does not so much signify, for they can only stick to the horses they are too weak to steer. And he protests against the folly—which he illustrates by sundry instances—of trainers giving hard-and-fast orders. General instructions are all very well, but much should be left to the jockey's discretion, for it is impossible to foresee the incidents of a race. Hence the explanation of the apparently excessive fees paid to riders at the top of the profession; for hands and seat, with nerve, coolness, and judgment, are an extremely rare combination. Finally, Mr. Russell's analysis of a daring and experienced rider's feelings before a race is curious and interesting. He believes that it is with most other men as with himself. The horses are brought up to a pitch of susceptibility which closely resembles timidity. When the rider comes out of the scales, he is like the bather who shrinks from a plunge into ice-cold water. But once in the saddle and with the fall of the flag, all misgivings and apprehensions are gone; the nerves are steadied as the brain is calmed by the intense excitement of the rush and struggle.

#### FICTION.

"A Monk of Fife." By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1896.

"Sir Quixote of the Moors." By John Buchan. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

WE have all heard of Mr. Henley's incurable boyishness. Of Mr. Lang also boyishness is an attribute—a boyishness of a sort not quite so much a matter of the emotions and rather more of the intelligence than Mr. Henley's. Mr. Henley's boyishness declines to grow old, Mr. Lang's declines to grow up. With the former it is an emotional persistence, with the latter it is an arrested development. Most people, at some time or other, have come upon the clever little boy of the preparatory school. Learning has already marked him for her own. For him are no rambles in the summer's lanes, no daylong truancies, no "mugging" fads; "stinks" or pets, stamps or furtive tobacco. He cares for none of these things. At the utmost he will entertain a "favourite subject." On the other hand, there are no wearisome imprisonments, no

perennial impositions in his life. He takes his exercise regularly, decent cricket or decent football, attentively developed, and in the fulness of time passes on, to all appearances sane and healthy, by way of scholarship and fellowship towards the minuter, more specialized learning of the University. Of such a type is the boyishness of Mr. Andrew Lang, a decorous bookish puerility—a well-educated, even an erudite, puerility—regularly taking the air in the playing-fields, and bearing itself according to prescription in all the relations of life. It is not so much boyishness proper as prize-boyishness: a fine sense of the humour of defective scholarship; a fine contempt for experience, a memory and a trick of imitation admirably trained, a crippled imagination, and an unqualified preference for parody over original work. He is naturally at his best in those chuckling literary leaders of his in the "Daily News," bristling with allusions, apt misquotations, and clever mimicry. As a critic he is amusing when he is not irritating, and if he could only keep his hands from romance he would cut a very respectable figure among contemporary writers. But clearly he does not understand the limitations his curiously dwarfed imagination imposes, and at intervals he continues to fail conspicuously in this branch of literary endeavour.

The new effort is mainly an offering to the memory of Stevenson. What there is human of Norman Leslie is extract of David Balfour: Catriona appears in the story under the name of Elliot, but, eluding Mr. Lang's pursuit, she is, like Daphne, incontinently changed to wood. The crown of Mr. Lang's imagination is Noiroufle, an inferior Mr. Maskelyne, only too conspicuously disguised in a vast Hebraic nose and a long black beard. He cannot read (for the purposes of this story), but he can do all the current tricks of a European juggler, and his wonderful device of imitating men's voices is Mr. Lang's culminating inspiration. For it was not Flavy who betrayed Joan of Arc, but the wonderful Noiroufle, who boldly transcended the possibility of ventriloquism, imitated Flavy's voice, and so got the drawbridge raised and cut off her retreat. A whacking fight was going on beyond the drawbridge, about Flavy was a tumultuous uproar, and yet the men whose duty was at the cranks and pulleys trusted to their ears rather than their eyes. So Joan was taken, and Elliot would not marry David—Norman, that is—out of sorrow for her. "If she bids me do as you desire," said Elliot, "then I would not be disobedient to that Daughter of God." Nothing remained for a romance hero but the quest of this permission. Going to Joan in her dungeon was exceedingly simple. You disguised yourself in English costume and went to the nearest seaport; there you found a fisherman and an east wind, and went to one of the Cinque Ports; there were always bands going to France, and you joined one. "As fortune would have it, the wind went about, and we on board, and with no long delay we were in Rouen town." Then you made three things your "chief care." You got a lodging near the castle, you purveyed you three horses of the fleetest, and won the favour of Sir Thomas Grey, who forthwith took you as his galloper, and gave you his signet to "open the town gates." "Moreover the man who has the chief charge and custody of the Maid was the brother's son of Sir Thomas." What could be simpler? This miscreant you often met at his uncle's table, and you laughed at his jests and did him what service you might. Finally, when "he had well drunk," you lost that one of your three horses to him "which most he coveted." "I will do thee a good turn," said he. "You crave to see this Puzel . . ." "At his wording I set down an order to the Castle porter. . . . This pass he signed with his name and sealed with his seal bearing his arms," and the thing was done! The planning of this elaborate scheme and its successful execution reflect almost equal credit on the intelligence and invention of Norman Leslie and his creator. A day's delay would have been fatal—she was to be burnt on the morrow. Happily things went without a hitch, and she signed an order on Elliot for marriage to Norman Leslie.

The book professes to be a translation from the French into English; but the dialogue is largely annotated Scotch, after the Crockett fashion, and the rest of

the text is set with "belike," "perchance," "gentle damsel," and so forth, on the good old model of such romances as Mr. Martin Tupper's "Stephen Langton." With a certain elderly childishness, an erudite sham appendix is affixed, and the book is printed in a heavy dark type with elaborate initials, and illustrated to suggest the illuminations of a manuscript. As Mr. Lang's pretence is that he has translated this book from the old French, the seasoning of archaic English and modern Scotch dialect is simply absurd. In one place comes a quaintly characteristic touch. The text refers to "that great Danish knight who was with us under Orleans, Sir Andrew Haggard," and an obsequious footnote adds "Substituting 'or' for 'argent,' his bearings were those of the distinguished modern novelist of the same name.—A. L." He gets through a game of golf this time, however, without any playful reference to Mr. Horace Hutchinson.

To turn from Mr. Lang to Mr. Buchan is to realize how natural and inevitable a thing story-telling is. You have it or you have it not. Here, on the one hand, is a man who has been carrying on a desultory attack upon fiction for years, and on the other a new writer, presumably young, and with his trade still to learn. But the books are out of comparison. "Sir Quixote of the Moors" is stirring, living in every character, and with a fine emotional quality. It is evidently an imitation of the work of Mr. Stanley Weyman, but then everybody begins with imitation. It is certainly neither senile nor very inferior. It is Mr. Stanley Weyman with a Scotch accent. Mr. Buchan has the essentials of a fine novelist—a picturesque imagination, a sense of close sequence, and some insight. Let him bear in mind that the proper thing for a young writer to do is not to feast on the broken meats of the popular favourites of to-day, and he may do well. A story of his about a Salvation Army captain, that the present reviewer has read elsewhere, was altogether fresher and finer than this book.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Birds of Pray." By W. Stewart Ross. London: W. Stewart. 1895.

M R. ROSS'S "birds of pray" are ministers of various religious denominations. As it may sometimes be noted that the descendants of Quakers have a passion for acting, so apparently, in the case of Mr. Ross, generations of austere religion have produced a child of atheism. He is flippant, sometimes blasphemous, and sometimes also, when he is quoting other people, amusing. The child's statement, for instance, that Jerusalem was surrounded by walls to keep the milk and honey out is worth repeating. But the discursive and garrulous manner which the author affects should be severely restricted to writers who possess an attractive style or much wit. As it is, Mr. Ross's monographs remind us of the Marble Arch corner of Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon—without the enlivening interruptions from the crowd.

"The Romance of the Woods." By F. J. Whishaw. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1895.

There is in the sportsman's character an apparent contradiction which is a perpetual puzzle to those who have never been given the chance of plodding, gun in hand, over a moor. Here is a human being who has a great tenderness for wild animals; he understands their habits and delights in his knowledge, he appreciates their beauty—indeed, he lives closer to the animals he kills than any other class of human being, and yet he kills. And the rapture of bringing down a bird is really darkened by a pang of regret when he sees the lifeless plumage at his feet—and he marches on and shoots another. Mr. Whishaw's pretty descriptions ought to make this double feeling comprehensible to the least sportsmanlike. He is a sympathetic and loving observer of birds and beasts; his night in a Russian forest is a delightful impression. Mr. Whishaw's book would have been even more thoroughly enjoyable if it had not been marred by a playfulness degenerating at times to facetiousness. Sport and facetiousness are always closely connected in the English mind; but the man who prints pages from the sportsman's notebook of shooting in Russia might have shaken himself entirely free from this fault, for he is treading on sacred ground.

"An Original Wager." By A Vagabond. London: Frederick Warne & Co. 1895.

The author made a bet with a friend, who deprecated French sport, that he would live for six weeks in France earning his livelihood simply by sport. He was not only successful in his

enterprise, but he has written an amusing and exciting book about it.

"Little Rivers." By Henry Van Dyke. London: David Nutt. 1896.

Mr. Van Dyke can describe nature without boring his reader; nay, his river scenes rise before the eye as he draws them. He quotes pleasantly, he knows the power of association, his philosophy is gentle. His book is thoroughly sentimental, in a good sense of the word.

"Stories for Ninon." By Emile Zola. Translated by Edward Vizetelly.

To those who only know Zola as the great idealist treating with reverence the minutest detail in his array of observed facts this volume will come as a surprise. The three best pieces in the collection do not fall in at all with the received notion of the author's peculiar power. What could be lighter or more graceful than "The Thieves and the Ass"? Bright and gay from the first laughing words of introduction to Ninon, and the tender description of the poet, "the unalterable child," who lived with his ladylove in the Latin Quarter; their garret was high up in the sky, so high that you could hear sometimes the angels chatting on the roof; "they have no bread, and yet they throw crumbs to sparrows." Again, the impossible author of the Rougon-Macquart is the last person we expect to hear pouring out his heart, telling the secrets of his struggle in the world, and his serene hopes; but he does this in the dedication of the second part, as beautiful a preface as can be found. "Yes, it was in your constant tenderness, my friend, that formerly I laid up that fund of courage which later on so often surprised my companions. The illusions of our hearts were plates of finely tempered steel, and they still protect me." And, finally, we have here the "natural and social" historian of a family under the Second Empire, rollicking through a fable of a giant and his tiny brother, a fable wherein he could, if he had bad intentions, hide some philosophical problem. The scene where Mérédic, hiding in his brother's ear, delivers a six hours' oration to the assembled army of the Blues, could stand unashamed among the fabulous pictures of Zola's great predecessors in the art of giant-stories. While his little brother is haranguing, the silly giant simulates speech with most astounding mouths and gestures, to the delight of the Blues; at the end of each ringing period "he even put out his tongue, a poetical boldness which proved a prodigious success." It was rash to say these three pieces were the best; there are others almost as attractive; for instance, the touching and tragic reverie, "The Little Village." And the "Souvenirs" are full of every kind of good thing: pictures of Paris, the baths, the markets, dreams of the country, of Musset the beloved, who yet "taught us neither how to live, nor how to die; he fell down at every step; in his agony he could only rise upon his knees and cry like a child." And there are echoes, too, of war—"real warfare, not that of which historians relate the heroic episodes, but that which sweats fear in the bright sunshine, and glides into deeds of blood like a drunken strumpet." The translation is readable, though here and there the English version produces an odd impression of simpleness bordering on baldness, and reminding us of the less satisfactory passages in Mr. George Moore's stories.

We have also received from Messrs. Archibald Constable six volumes of a reissue of Professor Arber's "The English Scholar's Library"—namely, "The History of Reynard the Fox," translated and printed by Caxton (1481); "The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women," by John Knox (1558); "A Handful of Pleasant Delights, containing Sundry New Sonnets and Delectable Histories in divers kinds of Metre," by Clement Robinson and Others (1584); "A Supplication for the Beggars," by Simon Fish (1529); "Diophantes" (the State of the Church of England), by the Rev. John Udall (1588); and "The Return from Parnassus; or, the Scourge of Simony," publicly acted by the Students of St. John's College in Cambridge in 1602; Herbert Fry's "London Charities" (Chatto & Windus); "Practical Veterinary Advice for Stockowners," by A. H. Archer, M.R.C.V.S. (Vinton & Co.); "Lyrical Poetry from the Bible," edited by Ernest Rhys, Vol. II. (Dent); "Songs and Ballads of Sport and Pastime," edited by William Weaver Tomlinson (Walter Scott); new edition of Rev. George Body's "The Life of Love," a course of Lent lectures (Longmans); "Alt-Celtischer Sprachschatz" von Alfred Holder, Eighth Part of the First Volume, Gal-li-βορός (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner); enlarged and re-written Second Edition of M. Horace Hayes' "Illustrated Horse Breaking" (W. Thacker & Co.); new edition of Dora Wordsworth's "Journal of a Few Months' Residence in Portugal," edited, with Memoir, by Edmund Lee (Longmans); revised and enlarged Edition of Alfred Russel Wallace's "Miracles of Modern Spiritualism" (George Redway); Second Edition of "Wintering in Egypt," Hints to Invalids and Travellers, by Arthur J. M. Bentley, M.D., and C. G. Griffingoofe, M.A. (Simpkin, Marshall); "Gleanings from Patent Laws of all Countries," by W. Lloyd Wise, J.P., F.R.G.S., First portion: Argentine—Germany (Cassell).

NOTICE.—The price of back numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, except those of the current Volume, is ONE SHILLING each.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Friday. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND; or to the CITY OFFICE, 18 FINCH LANE, CORNHILL, E.C. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

#### PARIS.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in Paris every Saturday from Messrs. BOYVEAU & CHEVILLET, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANI'S, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, and Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

##### DUNLOP

## Pneumatic Tyres for Carriages

Have become  
universal for Cycles;  
they possess  
equal advantages

**ADVANTAGES.**—The perfection of ease.—Absolutely noiseless.—Reduction in draught one-third.—Saving of all wear to the carriage.—Suitable to the roughest roads.—Give no trouble.—Appearance of wheel practically unaltered.—Can be fitted to existing wheels.

A large Exhibition of Carriages, built by the best Coachbuilders, and each fitted with these Tyres, can be seen at, also full particulars obtained on application from

The Pneumatic Tyre Co., Ltd.,

14 Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

#### THE

## SURGICAL AID SOCIETY.

Chief Office—SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

#### President:

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

The SURGICAL AID SOCIETY supplies Trusses, Elastic Stockings, Crutches, Artificial Limbs, Artificial Eyes, &c., and every other description of mechanical support to the poor, without limit as to locality or disease.

FOURTEEN BRANCHES HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED  
IN THE PROVINCES.

WATER BEDS AND INVALID CHAIRS AND COUCHES ARE LENT TO THE  
AFFLICTED UPON THE RECOMMENDATION OF SUBSCRIBERS.

20,046 Appliances given in 1895.

Annual Subscription of 10s. 6d., or Life Subscription of 5 Guineas, entitles to Two Recommendations per annum; the number of Letters increasing in proportion to amount of contribution.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Barclay & Co., Lombard Street, or by the Secretary, at the Office of the Society.

RICHARD C. TRESSIDER, Secretary.

## SAVOY HOTEL AND RESTAURANT, LONDON.

Overlooking the River and Embankment Gardens.

Bedrooms for one person from 7s. 6d. per day; for two, from 12s. Suites of Apartments, consisting of Sitting, Bed, and private Bath-room, &c., from 30s. Attendance, Baths, and Light always included.

Savoy Dinner (7s. 6d.) is served in the Salle à Manger, from 6 to 8.30, at separate tables.

#### SAVOY RESTAURANT,

With large terrace, is the finest in Europe. The Orchestra plays during Dinner and Supper.

Managers { C. RITZ. L. ECHFNARD. Chef de Cuisine: Maître ESCOFFIER.

## AMUSEMENTS.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.

ADMISSION DAILY ONE SHILLING.

POPULAR EVENING CONCERTS in CONCERT ROOM every Thursday at 8.0. February 27, THE MEISTER GLEE SINGERS. Mr. William Sexton, Mr. Gregory Haast, Mr. William Forrington, and Mr. Webster Norcross.

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERTS in CENTRE TRANSEPT every Saturday Evening at 8.0. Saturday, February 29 (St. David's Eve), Welsh Night. Vocalists: Miss Maggie Davies, Miss Mary Morgan, Mr. Hirwen Jones, and Mr. John Walters.

Thousands of Free Seats; Reserved Seats, 6d.

DRURY LANE.—Sir Augustus Harris's Seventeenth Grand Pantomime, CINDERELLA. TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.30. For full particulars see Daily Papers. Box Office open from 10 A.M.

## SHIPPING.

## ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING CRUISES

For PALESTINE, EGYPT, &amp;c.

The Steamship "CARONNE," 3,875 tons register, will embark passengers at VILLA FRANCA on the 4th March, and thence to TUNIS, FAVIGNANA, SANTORIN, BEIRUT (for Damascus), HAIFA, JAFFA (for Jerusalem), ALEXANDRIA (for Cairo), MALTA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR, arriving at Plymouth 16th April, and London 17th April.

Passenger from London should leave by the 11 o'clock A.M. train on the 3rd March, reaching Villa Franca 3 P.M. following day.

For GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &amp;c.

The "LUSITANIA," 3,877 tons register, will leave London, 31st March, for a 47 Days' Cruise, visiting GIBRALTAR, MALTA, KATAKOLO, NAUPlia, PIREUS (for Athens), DELOS, SMYRNA, CONSTANTINOPLE, SANTORIN, TUNIS, ALGIERS, arriving at Plymouth 15th May, and London 16th May.

For SICILY, VENICE, CORFU, ALGERIA, &amp;c.

The "GARONNE" leaves London 2nd April, returns 3rd May.

String Band, Electric Light, High-class Cuisine.

Managers: { F. GREEN & CO. } Head Offices: { ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO. } Fenchurch Avenue.

For particulars of the above and of later Cruises apply to the latter firm, at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West-End Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, S.W.

## AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA.

## ORIENT LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for the above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, SUEZ, and COLOMBO.

Managers: { F. GREEN & CO. } Head Offices: { ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO. } Fenchurch Avenue, London.

For passage apply to the latter firm at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

P. and O. MAIL STEAMERS FROM LONDON TO BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI, EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS via BOMBAY..... every week. STRAITS, CHINA, and JAPAN..... CALCUTTA, MADRAS, COLOMBO, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA, and NAPLES..... VENICE and BRINDISI to EGYPT and the EAST..... CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.

For particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C., or 25 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

## UNION LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS FOR SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD AND DIAMOND FIELDS.

WEEKLY SAILINGS from SOUTHAMPTON.

Free Railway Tickets by Union Express London to Southampton.

Cheap Tickets for passengers' friends. Return Tickets to all Ports.

Apply to the UNION STEAM SHIP COMPANY, Ltd., 14 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.; and SOUTH AFRICAN-HOUSE, 94-6 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

## EDUCATIONAL.

## ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE, COOPER'S HILL, STAINES.

THE COURSE OF STUDY is arranged to fit an ENGINEER for employment in Europe, India, and the Colonies. About FORTY STUDENTS will be admitted in September 1896. The Secretary of State will offer them for competition Twelve Appointments as Assistant Engineers in the Public Works Department, and Three Appointments as Assistant Superintendents in the Telegraph Department.—For particulars apply to the SECRETARY, at the College.

ROSSALL SCHOOL; Entrance Scholarships—Examination, March 25th, 26th, and 27th, 1896.—Apply, BURSAR, Rossall, Fleetwood.

F. H. GRESSION, M.A., Winchester, and Oriel College, Oxford, and G. L. EVANS, B.A., Eton, and late Classical Exhibitioner, C. C. C. Oxford, RECEIVE BOYS between the ages of 8 and 14 to prepare for Entrance and Scholarships at all the Public Schools. The house stands in 7 acres of ground, 800 feet above sea level, on sand and gravel soil. It is situated in the healthiest part of Sussex, amidst beautiful scenery and surroundings, 34 miles from London and 7 from Tunbridge Wells. There is a well-laid cricket-ground, and special attention is paid to cricket and football. Ponies are kept, and riding thoroughly taught. The sanitation is perfect, and annually inspected by the London Sanitary Assurance Association.—The Grange, Crowborough, Sussex.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—THE ANNUAL EXAMINATION for SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on May 26th, 27th, 28th.—ELEVEN SCHOLARSHIPS at least, of value ranging between £30 and £50 per annum, will be awarded. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under 15.—Apply to the BURSAR, The College, Cheltenham.

RADLEY COLLEGE, Scholarships 1896. Two of £80, one of £50, one of £40. Election, July 17. For particulars apply to the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

## RIO GRANDE IRRIGATION.

NEW HOMES in the "SUNSHINE STATE" of AMERICA. EXCEPTIONAL opportunity to join FRUIT and VINE GROWING COLONY in NEW MEXICO, U.S.A. ONLY SMALL CAPITAL REQUIRED. Land on ten years' time. Experienced Local Adviser. Income, first year. LARGE PROFITS. Superior market and railway facilities. 1,500 miles nearer to California to Chicago and New York. Four to seven weeks EARLIER Fruiting Season. IDEAL CLIMATE FOR WEAK LUNGS. Splendid Shooting. For FREE Illustrated Pamphlet and full particulars, address, Mesilla Valley Irrigation Colony, 34 Victoria Street, London, S.W.

## SUTTON'S GRASSES AND CLOVERS

FOR

TEMPORARY PASTURE from 12/- per acre.

PERMANENT PASTURE from 15/- to 32/- per acre.

According to the Nature of the Soil and Purpose in View.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS SEE

SUTTON'S FARMERS' YEAR BOOK for 1896, Now Ready.

## SUTTON'S SEEDS

Genuine only direct from SUTTON &amp; SONS, READING.

EPPS'S COCOAINE.  
COCOA-NIB EXTRACT.

(TEA-LIKE.)

The choicest roasted nibs (broken-up beans) of the natural Cocoa, on being subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure, give forth their excess of oil, leaving for use a finely-flavoured powder—"Cocoaine," a product which, when prepared with boiling water, has the consistency of tea, of which it is now, with many, beneficially taking the place. Its active principle being a gentle nerve stimulant, supplies the needed energy without unduly exciting the system.

## H. HALFORD

and

## COMPANY,

## STOCK BROKERS,

70 and 71

Palmerston Buildings,

Old Broad Street,

London.

Established 1869.

Business at close prices.

Speculative Accounts opened.

Dealing reported by wire if required.

Full particulars on application.

Prompt Settlements.

Thousands of Testimonials from Clients.

African and Australian Mines—a Speciality.

Lists of Closing Prices gratis.

Bankers, Parr's and Alliance Bank, Limited.

Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER FIRM.

BORWICK'S  
POWDERTHE BEST  
BAKING POWDER  
IN THE  
WORLD.

## BURLINGTON CARRIAGE CO., LTD.

BUILDERS TO THE ROYAL FAMILY,

315-317 Oxford Street, W.

Old and Aristocratic Designs reproduced in Steel and Hickory at half the weight.

Builders of FAMILY OMNIBUSES

For most County FAMILIES.

## THREE YEARS' SYSTEM

of purchase arranged at Cash Prices.

Specialty: Light Cob-sized LANDAUS.

315-317 OXFORD STREET, W.

211

## ROYAL BLIND PENSION SOCIETY

(With which is United the Blind Female Annuity Society).

**Patron**—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

**Vice-Patron**—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

**President**—THE DUKE OF GRAFTON, K.G.

**Honorary Secretaries** { MESSRS. GEORGE POCOCK AND PERCY R. POCOCK.

This Society grants Pensions to the Blind Poor at their own Homes in sums ranging from 10s. to 25s. per month. There are at present upwards of 700 Pensioners residing in various parts of the Kingdom, among whom about £5,000 is annually distributed in pensions, paid monthly, through the agency of 500 Honorary Almoners. Elections take place in May and November in each year. In addition to those elected by the votes of Subscribers, two are added at every election by rotation. Others are nominated from time to time to receive the "Thomas Pocock" and "James Templeton Wood" Memorial Pensions. An approved Candidate of 75 years of age or upwards can receive an immediate Pension upon payment of a donation of THIRTY GUINEAS. To be eligible, applicants must be totally blind, above 21 years of age, of good moral character, and in receipt of an income not exceeding £20 if single, and £30 if married. No distinction is made in regard to sex or creed, nor is the receipt of parish relief a disqualification. Applications must be made on the printed form provided by the Society. Subscribers of 10s. 6d. annually, or Donors of Five Guineas, are entitled to One Vote at every election, and the multiples thereof in proportion. The payment of a Legacy to the Society confers upon each Executor the privilege of one Life Vote for every £25 bequeathed. The yearly Report, containing the rules, accounts, and all information, will be forwarded on application. Contributions will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, or by the Bank of England, or Messrs. Barclay, Bevan & Co.

JOHN C. BUMSTED, Esq., *Treasurer.*

W. ELLIOTT TERRY, *Secretary.*

235 Southwark Bridge Road, London.

## NATIONAL ORPHAN HOME,

HAM COMMON, RICHMOND, SURREY.

OFFICE: 12 PALL MALL, S.W.

### Patrons.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.  
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.  
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.  
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

THE object of this Charity is to receive Orphan Girls from Seven to Twelve Years of Age, without distinction as to Religion, into a "Home" where they can obtain a plain English Education, a practical instruction in the Kitchen, House, and Laundry, to fit them for all Household Duties, and are taught to cut out, make, and mend their own clothes. Over 650 have thus been more or less provided for. There are now nearly 100 on the books. The Building affords ample room for 50 more, but for want of funds they cannot be received.

Children are admitted on election, by payment till elected, on purchase, on presentation, subject to the life of the donor.

A Cot for all time may be had for £450.

The Charity is in

URGENT NEED OF ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS.

Donations, Subscriptions, and Bequests are earnestly solicited, and will be gratefully received by Messrs. HERRIES & CO., Bankers, 16 St. James's Street, and by the SECRETARY, at the Offices, 12 Pall Mall, S.W., where all communications should be addressed.

WEMYSS, *Chairman.*

E. EVANS CRONK, *Secretary.*

## British Orphan Asylum, SLOUGH.

FOR the Maintenance and Education of Destitute Orphans from all parts of the British Empire, of all denominations, whose parents were once in prosperous circumstances. Orphans are admitted between the ages of 7 and 12, and are retained until 15.

The Committee earnestly appeal for increased support of an Institution which has been carrying on its work of usefulness nearly 70 years, and which is dependent on Voluntary aid.

Subscriptions and Donations most thankfully received. Annual Subscriptions :—For One Vote, 10s. 6d.; for Two Votes, £1 1s.; Life Subscription for One Vote, £5 5s.; for Two Votes, £10 10s.

**Bankers**—MESSRS. WILLIAMS, DEACON, AND MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BANK, Limited, 20 Birch Lane, E.C.

**Offices**—62 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN,  
LONDON, E.C.

CHARLES T. HOSKINS,  
*Secretary.*

## THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL,

19 King William Street, West Strand, W.C.

Founded in 1816, by the late G. J. GUTHRIE, Esq., F.R.S., for the Relief of Indigent Persons afflicted with Diseases of the Eye.

ENTIRELY SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

### Patrons.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

**President**—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G.

**Chairman**—SIR CHARLES TURNER, K.C.I.E.

**Treasurers** { G. B. HUDSON, Esq., M.P.  
H. LINDSAY ANTROBUS, Esq.

THIS HOSPITAL receives the Indigent poor on their own application, without Letters of Recommendation, and was the first to adopt this system of true Charity. Nearly 10,000 poor persons are relieved annually. It has afforded aid to upwards of 400,000 sufferers since its establishment.

There are 30 Beds available for In-Patients constantly occupied.

The undoubted fact that London is trending westward makes it every day more urgent that a large, perfectly constructed, and easily accessible Eye Hospital should be built to meet the imperative and constantly growing needs of the poor who come from all parts of the Metropolis and the United Kingdom.

The accommodation in the present building for both Out- and In-Patients is wholly inadequate to the daily increasing demand for relief. This will necessitate the rebuilding of the Hospital on a New Site, to provide which, and erect thereon an edifice replete with all the modern improvements rendered urgent by the rapid advance in Ophthalmic Science and Surgery, a sum of at least £50,000 will be required.

The Committee urgently appeal for New Annual Subscriptions for maintenance purposes, and they earnestly plead with the Benevolent to enable them to build the much-needed New Hospital.

Subscriptions and Donations should be sent to the Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand; Messrs. Drummond, Charing Cross; or to

T. BEATTIE-CAMPBELL, *Secretary.*

LEGACIES ARE ALSO ESPECIALLY SOLICITED.

22 February, 1896

# The Saturday Review.

## INSURANCE.

### SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

**THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE.**  
Est. 1803.—1 OLD BROAD ST., E.C.; and 22 PALL MALL, S.W.  
Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds, over £1,500,000.  
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1824. TOTAL FUNDS EXCEED £4,000,000 ESTABLISHED 1824.

## SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL INSURANCE CO.

LONDON : 3 KING WILLIAM ST., E.C. GLASGOW : 150 WEST GEORGE ST.  
HEAD OFFICE—35 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.  
Secretary—J. K. MACDONALD. Actuary—COLIN McCUAIG, F.F.A.  
General Manager—A. DUNCAN.

### LIFE INSURANCE.

**Early Bonus Scheme.** (E. B.) The following, among other special advantages, apply to ordinary Policies issued under this Scheme. Besides being payable immediately on proof of death and title, they are, at the end of three years from their date:

Entitled to rank for Bonus Additions; indisputable on the ground of Errors or Omissions; World-Wide without Extra Charge; and kept in force, wholly or partially, even in case of Non payment of Premium.

**Special Bonus Scheme.** (D. B.) Under this Scheme PROFIT POLICIES are issued at Non-profit Rates, and share in the profits when the premiums received, accumulated at 4 per cent, compound interest, amount to the Sum Assured. Policies of this class which have for the first time become entitled to rank for Bonus have received Additions at the rate of £10 per cent., besides a further progressive addition of £1 per cent. per annum.

### FIRE INSURANCE.

Almost all descriptions of Property insured on the most favourable conditions.

## WM. & GEO. LAW.

COFFEE—SUGAR—TEA.

## 104 NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.

### BOOKS.

1896.

NOW READY.

Thirty-sixth Annual Publication. Price 5s. elegantly bound.

Dedicated by permission to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

**THE COUNTY FAMILIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM :**  
or Royal Manual of the Titled and Untitled Aristocracy of Great Britain and Ireland. Containing Notices of the Parentage, Birth, Marriage, Education, and appointments of more than 12,000 distinguished Heads of Families in the United Kingdom, their Heirs-Apparent or Presumptive, together with a Record of the Offices which they hold or have held, their Town Addresses, Country Residences, Clubs, &c.

London : CHATTO & WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

### AGENCY FOR AMERICAN BOOKS.

**G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, PUBLISHERS & BOOKSELLERS,** of 27 and 29 West 3rd Street, New York, and 24 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C., desire to call the attention of the READING PUBLIC to the excellent facilities presented by their Branch House in London for filling, on the most favourable terms, orders for their own STANDARD PUBLICATIONS, and for ALL AMERICAN BOOKS and PERIODICALS.

CATALOGUE sent on application.

*The Cheapest German Dictionary considering its size and completeness.*

JUST PUBLISHED.

## FLÜGEL-SCHMIDT-TANGER

### A DICTIONARY OF THE GERMAN AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES

#### FOR HOME AND SCHOOL.

With Special Reference to Dr. Felix Flügel's Universal English-German and German-English Dictionary.

EDITED BY

Prof. IM. SCHMIDT, Ph.D., and G. TANGER, Ph.D.

2 vols. (1,974 pages), demy 4to, bound in half basil, cloth sides, 15s.

Also sold separately:

Vol. I. ENGLISH-GERMAN, 968 pp. | Vol. II. GERMAN-ENGLISH, 1,006 pp.  
8s 6d. each.

An entirely new German Dictionary for Home and School use—thoroughly up to date, printed in large clear type, and on good paper—has been for many years a desideratum which is now supplied by the above book. It is by no means a mere abbreviation of the larger "Flügel" (3 vols. 4s.), but a work of independent study and research, to which the larger "Flügel" has furnished the groundwork only. It will be found a mine of information and a marvel of cheapness.

*A Detailed Prospectus, with Specimen Pages, will be sent on application.*

Brunswick : George Westermann.

London : ASHER & CO., 13 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

## THE PORTFOLIO

### ARTISTIC MONOGRAPHS

Six Numbers Yearly. Enlarged. Price 3s. 6d. net.

**PICTURE GALLERY OF CHARLES I.** January Number. By CLAUDE PHILLIPS. Thirty-six Illustrations.

MONOGRAPHS ALREADY ISSUED, price 2s. 6d. each net.

**REMBRANDT'S ETCHINGS.** P. G. Hamerton. RAPHAEL'S EARLY WORK. J. Cartwright.

MALTA. W. K. R. Bedford. W. Q. ORCHARDSON. Walter Armstrong.

WEDGWOOD. A. H. Church. CLAUDE LORRAIN. G. Grahame.

BASTIEN LEPAGE. J. Cartwright. WHITEHALL. W. J. Loftie.

D. G. ROSSETTI. F. G. Stephen. JAPANESE ENGRAVINGS. W. Anderson.

FREDERICK WALKER. Claude Phillips. ANTOINE WATTEAU. Claude Phillips.

FAIR WOMEN. William Sharp. ISLE OF WIGHT. C. J. Cornish.

THE NEW FOREST. C. J. Cornish. RAPHAEL IN ROME. J. Cartwright.

T. GAINSBOROUGH. W. Armstrong. DUTCH ETCHERS. L. Binyon.

BOOKBINDING IN FRANCE. W. V. WILLIAM BLAKE. R. Garnett.

Fletcher. ITALIAN BOOK-ILLUSTRATION. BELGIUM SCULPTURE. O. Desprez.

A. W. Pollard. GERARD DAVID. W. H. J. Weale.

### EVENTS OF OUR OWN TIME.

**THE DEVELOPMENT of NAVIES.** By Captain S. EARDLEY WILMOT, R.N. With many Illustrations. Cloth, 5s.

"Nothing could be better."—*Yorkshire Post.*

"A most informing and lucid book.... has all the terseness and point of a skilful study by a practical man."—*Spectator.*

"An admirable summary and survey."—*Times.*

**THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.** Sir E. HAMILTON. 5s.

**THE INDIAN MUTINY.** Colonel MALLESON. 5s.

**ENGINEERING.** L. F. VERNON HARROLD. 5s.

**THE AFGHAN WARS.** ARCHIBALD FORBES. 5s.

**REFOUNDING OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.** Colonel MALLESON. 5s.

**THE LIBERATION OF ITALY.** Countess EVELYN MARTINENGHI. Cesareo. 5s.

NOW READY.

**ON SERMON PREPARATION: Recollections and Suggestions.** By the BISHOP of RIPON, DEAN LEFROY, DEAN FARROW, and others. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The views on such a subject of masters of the art could not fail to be instructive, and the volume which contains them is accordingly quick with practical suggestion."

*Leeds Mercury.*

**SOCRATES and ATHENIAN SOCIETY in his DAY:** a Biographical Sketch. By A. D. GODLEV, Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford. 4s. 6d.

"Mr. Godley draws an admirable portrait of Socrates, and his translations are exceptionally skilful and spirited."—*Times.*

London : SEELEY & CO., LIMITED, Essex Street, Strand.

*Messrs. HENRY & Co. beg to announce  
that they have published this week a most  
important work, entitled,*

## SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK, HIS LIFE AND WORK.

By JULES GUIFFREY.

Containing 19 Original Etchings of Pictures never etched before, 9 Dujardin Heliogravures, and over 100 Illustrations in the Text.

*Edition limited to 265 copies, of which  
250 only are for sale.*

*Folio, buckram extra, £4 4s. net.*

*10 copies on Japanese vellum, £12 12s. net.*

H. HENRY & CO., LIMITED, 93 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

**CHEAP BOOKS.—THREEPENCE DISCOUNT** in the SHILLING allowed from the Published Price of nearly all New Books, Bibles, Prayer-Books, and Annual Volumes. Orders by post executed by return. Catalogues of New Books and Remainders gratis and postage free.—GILBERT & FIELD, 67 Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

### H. SOTHERAN & CO.

BOOKSELLERS, BOOKBINDERS, and PUBLISHERS.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS IN INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA, AND ABROAD.

Monthly Catalogue; Specimen Number post free.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED OR SOLD; AND CATALOGUED AND ARRANGED

Telegraphic Address: "BOOKMEN, LONDON." Code: UNICODE.

140 STRAND, W.C., and 37 PICCADILLY, W.

## SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S LIST.

**NEW WORK BY SIR WILLIAM MUIR.**  
With 12 Full-page Illustrations and a Map, 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
**THE MAMELUKE OR SLAVE DYNASTY of EGYPT, 1260-1517 A.D.** By Sir WILLIAM MUIR, K.C.S.I., LL.D., D.C.L., Ph.D. (Bologna), Author of "The Life of Mahomet," "Mahomet and Islam," "The Caliphate," &c.

**Mr. H. S. MERRIMAN'S POPULAR NEW NOVEL.**  
**NOTICE.—The FIRST EDITION of "THE SOWERS,"**  
Crown 8vo. 6s., by HENRY SETON MERRIMAN,  
Author of "With Edged Tools," &c., is exhausted. A SECOND EDITION will be ready in a few days.

The DAILY TELEGRAPH writes:—"The plot is so good, the story is so well sustained, that one need hardly hesitate to give the author all the credit that is due for having composed a novel considerably beyond the reach of most of his contemporaries."

**THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.**  
**NOTICE.—THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for MARCH** contains an Illustrated Article on the New Photography, entitled **PHOTOGRAPHING THE UNSEEN.**

By A. A. CAMPBELL SWINTON.

An Article on **NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY**,  
By SIDNEY LEE, Editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," and the following contributions:—"CLARISSA FURIOSA," by W. E. NORRIS. Chaps. IX.-XII.; "LIFE IN A FAMILISTÈRE"; "THROUGH THE GATE OF TEARS"; "THE WAY TO THE NORTH POLE"; CLEG KELLY, ARAB OF THE CITY," by S. R. CROCKETT. Adventures LVI.-LX.

At all Booksellers' and Newsagents' on Wednesday next. Price 6d.

**DISTURBING ELEMENTS.** By MABEL C. BIRCHENOUGH. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"Disturbing Elements" has more than one conspicuous merit. The characters are natural, and in a true sense realistic. The writing is vivid, cultured, and "smart" in that word's best meaning.—*The Guardian*.

**PERSIS YORKE.** By SYDNEY CHRISTIAN, Author of "Lydia," "Sarah: a Survival," "Two Mistakes," &c. Square 16mo. 4s. (being Vol. VI. of "THE NOVEL SERIES").

London : SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S. W.

## ELLIOT STOCK'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In demy 8vo. strongly bound in buckram and printed on good paper, with broad Margin for Notes and Additions, £1 7s. 6d. net.

**THE NEW (NINTH) VOLUME OF BOOK PRICES CURRENT.**

BEING A RECORD OF THE PRICES AT WHICH BOOKS HAVE BEEN SOLD AT AUCTION, WITH THE TITLES AND DESCRIPTIONS IN FULL, THE CATALOGUE NUMBERS, AND THE NAMES OF THE PURCHASERS, FROM DECEMBER, 1894, TO NOVEMBER, 1895.

"In 'Book Prices Current' all who are concerned in the buying and selling of books have a permanent record of undoubted value."—*Publishers' Circular*.

"It is superfluous to insist upon the value to the trade and to the collector of this useful publication."—*Bookseller*.

"The record is extremely useful for buyers and collectors of books, and is a valuable index to current phases of book-collecting and to fluctuations in the market."—*Saturday Review*.

"Valuable to booksellers, and still more so to bookbuyers."—*Athenaeum*.

"It will furnish a record of great use and interest to the bibliophile."—*Notes and Queries*.

"Whole classes of books have risen and fallen in popular esteem from time to time, and we can see the taste of the hour reflected in almost every page of the series of volumes to which this is the latest addition."—*Daily News*.

"It will enable owners to know the market value of their possessions, which is often, in these days of the first-edition craze, a great deal higher than the uninitiated would imagine."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

### NEW VOLUMES OF VERSE.

Crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.

**THE ROMANCE OF RAHERE, and OTHER POEMS.** By E. HARDINGHAM.

In paper covers, price 6d.

**A WORKING MAN'S VERSES.** By JAMES EMMOTT.

Tastefully bound, 3s. 6d.

**URANIA, NIGHT, and other ASTRO-NOMICAL POEMS.** By S. JEFFERSON.

"Mr. Jefferson finds in Nature a revelation of God, and every marvel to which he in turn directs us is made to suggest some thoughts of its Creator. We hope that this little volume will have many readers."—*Yorkshire Post*.

ELLIOT STOCK, 62 Paternoster Row, London.

## CASSELL & COMPANY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

**A MAGNIFICENT ALBUM OF PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS.**  
NOW READY, COMPLETE IN ONE HANDSOME VOLUME, bevelled cloth, gilt edges, price 9s.

### THE QUEEN'S LONDON,

Containing nearly 400 Exquisite Views of London and its Environs. Dedicated by permission to Her Majesty the Queen.

"The completion of this handsome volume enables us to get a more imposing idea of its great panorama of London than could be obtained from the examination of single monthly parts. It furnishes us with no fewer than three hundred and seventy large views, and may be said to embrace all that is most characteristic of the metropolis, not in its streets and highways only, but in its public buildings, both within and without."—*Daily News*.

"The artistic finish displayed places this publication immeasurably above any other work of the kind. A unique record of the metropolis and its surrounding neighbourhood."—*Public Opinion*.

ENTIRELY NEW AND REVISED EDITION. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

**DR. BREWER'S DICTIONARY of PHRASE and FABLE.** Giving the Derivation, Source, or Origin of Common Phrases, Allusions, and Words that have a Tale to Tell. 1,440 pp.

**POPULAR EDITION of MR. SALA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.**

**NOTICE.—A CHEAP EDITION,** Unabridged, in One Volume, price 7s. 6d. has been published of

**THE LIFE and ADVENTURES of GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.** By HIMSELF.

CHEAP EDITION NOW READY, in 1 vol. price 10s. 6d.  
**A HISTORY of MODERN EUROPE.** By C. A. FYFFE, M.A., late Fellow of University College, Oxford. 1,288 pp. crown 8vo. cloth.

NOW READY, Vol. I. price 9s.

**BATTLES of the NINETEENTH CENTURY.** Described by ARCHIBALD FORBES, G. A. HENTY, Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, and other well-known writers. With a Chronological List of the more important Battles of the Century, and about 370 Illustrations, and 85 Plans.

NOW READY, price 2s. 6d.

**SCHOOLMASTER SKETCHES.** By T. J. MACNAMARA, Editor of the "Schoolmaster," and a Member of the London School Board. The stories are designed to draw attention to the difficulties of the work of elementary school teaching, especially in the very poor parts of the great urban centres and in the rural districts.

**J. CLERK MAXWELL and MODERN PHYSICS.** By R. T. GLAZEBROOK, F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; University Lecturer in Mathematics and Assistant Director of the Cavendish Laboratory. (Price 3s. 6d.) Forms the

**NEW VOLUME OF THE CENTURY SCIENCE SERIES.**

Edited by Sir HENRY ROSCOE, D.C.L., F.R.S.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, Ludgate Hill, London, Paris, and Melbourne.

## CHAPMAN & HALL'S NEW BOOKS.

LORD CLARENCE PAGET.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY and JOURNALS of ADMIRAL LORD CLARENCE E. PAGET, G.C.B.** Edited by Sir ARTHUR OTWAY, Bart. Containing several Portraits and other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. [Ready on February 24.]

G. ARCHDALE REID.

**THE PRESENT EVOLUTION of MAN.** By G. ARCHDALE REID. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. [This day.]

STUART CUMBERLAND.

**WHAT I THINK of SOUTH AFRICA: its People and its Politics.** By STUART CUMBERLAND. With Portraits and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s. [Ready February 24.]

OSWALD CRAWFORD.

**LYRICAL VERSE from ELIZABETH to VICTORIA.** Edited by OSWALD CRAWFORD. With copious Notes, Index of Writers, and Index of First Lines. Small crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

\* A Limited Edition of 50 Copies, numbered, on Large Paper, levant morocco, gilt top, One Guinea.

H. H. STATHAM.

**ARCHITECTURE for GENERAL READERS.**

A Short Treatise on the Principles and Motives of Architectural Design. With a Historical Sketch by H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM, Editor of the *Builder*. With upwards of 250 Illustrations. Second Edition. Large crown 8vo. 12s. [This day.]

G. B. GRINNELL.

**THE STORY of the INDIAN.** By G. B. GRINNELL. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s. [This day.]

NEW NOVEL.

**THE WHITE FEATHER, and other Stories.**

By OSWALD CRAWFORD. With Frontispiece. Small crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. [This day.]

\* Forming Vol. IV. of Chapman's Story Series.

Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL now hold the exclusive agency for the sale in this country, on the Continent, and in the Colonies, of the important Scientific, Educational, and Technical Works published by Wiley & Sons, of New York, an agency hitherto distributed among several of the chief London Publishers. The various publications of Wiley & Sons deal with Military and Naval Engineering, Astronomy, Chemistry, Assaying, Civil and Mechanical Engineering, Metallurgy and Mineralogy, and Physics.

A large Book Room has been prepared at Messrs. Chapman & Hall's premises in Henrietta Street, where the above publications can be inspected.

FULL DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUES WILL BE SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

CHAPMAN & HALL (Limited), London.

**MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.**

SECOND EDITION.—8vo. 30s. net.

**THE LIFE OF CARDINAL MANNING,**  
Archbishop of Westminster.  
By EDMUND SHERIDAN PURCELL.

In Two Volumes. With Portraits.

\* \* \* This Edition contains the letters addressed to Mr. Purcell by Cardinal Manning's Executors, acknowledging his position as Biographer designated by the Cardinal himself, and giving him, as of right, full liberty to use all such letters and papers as he might require for the purposes of the book.

A Letter from Mr. W. E. Gladstone to Mr. Purcell says:—  
"You have produced, I think, by far the most extraordinary biography I ever read, and have executed a work (I think) of unparalleled difficulty with singular success. I have not been interested in it; I have been fascinated and entranced."

**MACMILLAN'S THREE-AND-SIXPENNY SERIES.**  
New Volume.**BLEAK HOUSE.** By CHARLES DICKENS. With Forty Illustrations by Phiz, and Facsimile of Wrapper to the First Part. A reprint of the Original Edition, with an Introduction, Biographical and Bibliographical, by CHARLES DICKENS the Younger. Crown 8vo.

Extra crown 8vo. 5s.

**A HANDBOOK of GREEK SCULPTURE. Part I.** By ERNEST ARTHUR GARDNER, M.A., formerly Director of the British School of Archaeology at Athens. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.**A HISTORY of NINETEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE (1780-1895).** By GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh.

TIMES.—"Mr. Saintsbury has produced a good book on a subject of immense difficulty." 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

**LIFE and LABOUR of the PEOPLE in LONDON.** Edited by CHARLES BOOTH. Volume VII. Population classified by Trades (continued). Globe 8vo. 2s. net.**SYMBOLIC LOGIC. Part I. ELEMENTARY.** By LEWIS CARROLL.

EVERSLEY SERIES.—New Volume.

**INTRODUCTION to POLITICAL SCIENCE.** Two Series of Lectures. By Sir J. R. SEELEY, K.C.M.G., Litt.D., &c. Globe 8vo. 5s.

8vo. 1s. net.

**LIBERTY and AUTHORITY in MATTERS of TASTE.** An Inaugural Lecture delivered in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, on the 15th of February, 1896. By WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE, C.B., M.A., Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.

Globe 8vo. paper, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

**THE USE of LIFE.** By the Right Hon. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D. Sixteenth Thousand.

9 vols. extra crown 8vo. 55s. net.

**ECONOMIC HISTORY of VIRGINIA in the SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.** An Inquiry into the Material Condition of the People, based upon original and contemporaneous Records. By PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE, Author of "The Plantation Negro as a Freeman," and Corresponding Secretary of the Virginia Historical Society.**THE JEWISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.**

Edited by I. ABRAHAMS and C. G. MONTEFIORE.

No. 30.—JANUARY, 1896.—3s. 6d. (Annual, post-free, 11s.)

CONTENTS.—Joseph Derenbourg : by Dr. A. Neubauer.—On Some Misconceptions of Judaism and Christianity by Each Other : by C. G. Montefiore.—Jewish Informs in the Middle Ages : by Professor D. Kaufmann.—Poetry, the Royal Crown : translated by Mrs. Henry Lucas.—Jowett's Religious Teaching, a Study : by Oswald John Simon.—A Collation of Sinker's Texts of the Testaments of Reuben and Simeon with the Old Armenian Version : by F. C. Conybeare.—Poetry : a Song of Redemption, and a Song of Love : translated by Miss Nina Davis.—Megillath Misraim, or the Scroll of the Egyptian Purim : by the Rev. G. Margoliouth.—Corrections and Notes to Agadeth Shir Hashirim : by S. Schechter.—Critical Notices—Massoretic Studies : by Professor Ludwig Blau.—Miscellanies.

MACMILLAN &amp; CO. (LIMITED), LONDON.

1896.

UNDER THE SANCTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

NOW READY—Nearly 2,000 pages, price Two Guineas.

BURDETT'S OFFICIAL INTELLIGENCE for 1896. CONCERNING ALL CLASSES OF BRITISH, COLONIAL, AMERICAN AND FOREIGN SECURITIES.

Special Chapters on the SINKING FUNDS of the NATIONAL DEBT, LIGHT RAILWAYS, COLONIAL, INDIAN, MUNICIPAL, COUNTY FINANCE, and NATIONAL DEBTS of the WORLD.

By HENRY C. BURDETT.

"This well-known and invaluable work.....is now quite indispensable to all Banking and Financial Institutions, Stockbrokers and others."—Times.

"The most remarkable work of reference that is published.....If investors would consult this volume before risking their money, they would be less likely to embark on unprofitable adventures."—Atheneum.

"The standard work of reference."—Economist.

"Its information is broadly speaking, never wrong.....Each succeeding issue is better than the last."—Spectator.

LONDON : SPOTTISWOODE &amp; CO., 34 Gracechurch Street, E.C.

**MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST.****NEW BOOK BY MR. FROUDE.****LECTURES ON THE COUNCIL OF TRENT**

DELIVERED AT OXFORD, 1892-3.

By JAMES A. FROUDE,  
Late Regius Professor of Modern History.

8vo. 12s. 6d.

**NEW BOOK BY A. K. H. B.****The LAST YEARS of ST. ANDREWS:**

September 1890 to September 1895. By the Author of "Twenty-five Years at St. Andrews" &amp;c. 8vo. 15s. [Nearly ready.]

\* \* \* No part of this volume has previously appeared in any periodical.

**GEORGE JOHN ROMANES, M.A., LL.D.,**

F.R.S., The LIFE and LETTERS of. Written and Edited by his WIFE. With Portrait and 2 Illustrations. 8vo. 15s.

"The memoir reveals a character of much charm, and contains much that is of poignant human interest. The numerous characteristic letters from Mr. Darwin, too, are delightful reading."—Manchester Guardian.

**SHAKESPEARE STUDIES, and other**

ESSAYS. By the late THOMAS SPENCER BAYNES, LL.B., LL.D. With a Biographical Preface by Professor LEWIS CAMPBELL. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THIRD and CHEAPER EDITION, Enlarged, with a New Preface.

**INSPIRATION : Eight Lectures on the**

Early History and Origin of the Doctrine of Biblical Inspiration. Being the Bampton Lectures for 1893. By the Rev. WILLIAM SANDAY, D.D., Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. 8vo. price 7s. 6d.

**STRAY THOUGHTS for INVALIDS,**

Original and Selected. By LUCY H. M. SOULSEY, Author of "Stray Thoughts for Girls." Fcp. 8vo. 2s. net.

**A FINANCIAL ATONEMENT.** By B. B. WEST, Author of "Half-Hours with the Millionaires" &c. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"A remarkably and eccentrically clever story."—Glasgow Herald.

**The LIFE of NANCY, and other Stories.**

By SARAH ORNE JEWETT. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"All these stories more than repay attention. Alike in humour and pathos, the author of these stories is a mistress of her quiet art, and the careful finish of her style offers a lesson to writers on this side of the Atlantic."—Westminster Gazette.

**THE SILVER LIBRARY.—New Volume.****MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER.** By H. R.

HAGGARD. With 25 Illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Crown 8vo. price 3s. 6d.

On Monday next, price Sixpence.

**LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE for MARCH.**

OLD MR. TREDGOLD. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Chapters 37-40.

D. G. ROSSETTI AND HIS FAMILY LETTERS. By FORD M. HUEFFER.

LOVE'S CONQUEST. By WALTER HERRIES POLLACK.

AN UNDAUNTED SPIRIT. By LOUISA BALDWIN.

THE BALTIC CANAL AND HOW IT CAME TO BE MADE. By W. H. WHEELER.

THE BONDAGER. By P. ANDREW GRAHAM.

A DREAM of DEAD GODS. By DUNCAN J. ROBERTSON.

FLOTSAM. By HENRY SETON MERIMAN. Chapters 9-18.

AT THE SIGN of THE SHIP. By ANDREW LANG.

LONGMANS, GREEN &amp; CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

**DR. HARRIS ON SOUTH AFRICA.**

THE NEW REVIEW for MARCH will contain an important article by Dr. F. RUTHERFOORD HARRIS, Member of the Cape Legislative Assembly, and African Secretary of the Chartered Company.

**IMPORTANT TO CHARTERED COMPANY SHAREHOLDERS**

THE NEW REVIEW for MARCH will contain "THE FATE OF SOUTH AFRICA," by Dr. F. RUTHERFOORD HARRIS. "A Noble Lady," by Mrs. OLIPHANT. "Manning," by CATHOLICUS. "Dumas," by HENRY JAMES. "Concerning Prigs," by MAXWELL GRAY; and nine other articles by well-known writers.

**THE NEW REVIEW.**

Edited by W. E. HENLEY. Price 1s.

London : WM. HEINEMANN, 21 Bedford Street, W.C.

# RICHARD BENTLEY & SON'S LIST.

**NOTICE.**—A New Serial Story, entitled "LIMITATIONS," by E. F. BENSON, Author of "Dodo" &c., will be commenced in the March issue of THE TEMPLE BAR MAGAZINE, just ready at all Booksellers', price One Shilling.

## NEW WORKS.

NOW READY.

### THE LOST POSSESSIONS of ENGLAND:

Tangier, Minorca, Cuba, Manila, Corsica, Buenos Ayres, Java, the Ionian Islands, &c. By WALTER FREWEN LORD, Barrister-at-Law. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

"Interesting chapters of history, fruitful in lessons to anyone who considers the problem of further imperial expansion."—*Scotsman*.

NOW READY.

### THE STORY of BRITISH MUSIC, from the Earliest Times to the Tudor Period.

By FREDERICK JAMES CROWEST, Author of "The Great Tone Poets," "Musical Anecdotes," &c. With numerous Illustrations. 1 vol. demy 8vo. 15s.

NOW READY.

### CURIOSITIES of IMPECUNIOSITY.

By H. G. SOMERVILLE. 1 vol. demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"The Author has hit upon, and dealt pleasantly with, an most universally interesting subject. He has read widely, has collected a large amount of material, and has wrought up that material in a fashion eminently appetising. The book is readable from beginning to end."—*Globe*.

"An interesting book; the author has collected a great number of interesting incidents and stories."—*Manchester City News*.

NOW READY.

### OUTDOOR LIFE in ENGLAND.

By ARTHUR T. FISHER, Major, late 2nd Hussars; Author of "Through Stable and Saddle Room," "Rod and River." 1 vol. demy 8vo. 12s.

"A volume which every lover of outdoor life—whether as a naturalist, a botanist, or a sportsman—will delight in reading more than once."—*Penrith Observer*.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS' AND RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS.

## BENTLEY'S FAVOURITE NOVELS.

Each may be obtained separately, Uniformly Bound, in One Volume, Crown 8vo. Cloth, 6s.

### By RHODA BROUGHTON.

Scylla or Charybdis?	
A Beginner.	Mrs. Bligh.
Cometh up as a Flower.	
Good-bye, Sweetheart.	
Joan.	Nancy.
Not Wisely, but Too Well.	
Red as a Rose is She.	
Second Thoughts.	Alas!
Belinda.	"Doctor Cupid."

### By ROSA N. CAREY.

Sir Godfrey's Granddaughters.	
Basil Lyndhurst.	
Lover or Friend?	
Heriot's Choice.	
Queenie's Whim.	
Only the Governess.	
Nellie's Memories.	
Not Like Other Girls.	
Robert Ord's Atonement.	
Barbara Heathcote's Trial.	
Uncle Max.	Wee Wife.
Wooed and Married.	
Mary St. John.	For Lillias.

### By MARY LINSKILL.

Tales of the North Riding.	
Between the Heather and the Northern Sea.	Clevenden.
In Exchange for a Soul.	
The Haven under the Hill.	

### By Mrs. ALEXANDER.

The Wooing o't.	
Her Dearest Foe.	
Which Shall It Be?	

### By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

My Lady Nobody.	
The Greater Glory.	
An Old Maid's Love.	
The Sin of Joost Avelingh.	
"God's Fool."	

### By FLORENCE MONTGOMERY.

Misunderstood.	Seaforth.
Thrown Together.	

### By J. SHERIDAN LE FANU.

Uncle Silas.	
The House by the Churchyard.	

### By BARONESS TAUTPHŒUS.

The Initials.	Quits!
---------------	--------

### By JESSIE FOTHERGILL.

From Moor Isles.	
The "First Violin."	
Borderland.	Probation.
Kith and Kin.	Aldyth.

### By E. WERNER.

Success.	Fickle Fortune.
----------	-----------------

### By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

The Three Clerks.	
-------------------	--

### By W. E. NORRIS.

Miss Shafto.	
A Bachelor's Blunder.	
Major and Minor.	

### By LADY G. FULLERTON.

Too Strange Not to be True.	
-----------------------------	--

## NEW NOVELS

AT ALL THE LIBRARIES AND BOOKSELLERS'.

NOW READY.

### THE MYSTERY of MR. BERNARD BROWN.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

NOW READY.

### UP IN ARMS.

By MARGERY HOLLIS, Author of "Through Thick and Thin" &c. 3 vols. small crown 8vo. 22s.

"The problem the author has set before herself is admirably treated and admirably solved. Though the story assumes a variety of phases, it never becomes dull or lapses from the leading theme.....A very dainty story, with some philosophy in it."—*Scotsman*.

NOW READY.

### THE MADONNA OF A DAY.

By L. DOUGALL, Author of "The Mermaid" &c. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

"A remarkable measure of originality and power is manifested in the story."—*Scotsman*.

"Absolutely fascinating."—*Scottish Guardian*.

"A curious and weird tale, clearly told, with a graphic description of places, scenery, and actors, all very powerful and exciting."—*Isle of Wight Guardian*.

"A very interesting novel."—*Leicester Chronicle*.

NOW READY.

### THE ROMANCE of JUDGE KETCHUM.

By H. ANNELEY VACHELL, Author of "The Model of Christian Gay" &c. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

NOW READY.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS' AND RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS.

Each may be obtained separately, Uniformly Bound, in One Volume, Crown 8vo. Cloth, 6s.

### By L. DOUGALL.

The Madonna of a Day.

### By MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

Sir Charles Danvers.

Diana Tempest.

### By Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD.

Aunt Anne.

### By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.

Leah: a Woman of Fashion.

A Girton Girl. Susan Fielding.

### By Mrs. RIDDELL.

George Geith of Fen Court.

Berna Boyle.

### By MARCUS CLARKE.

For the Term of His Natural Life.

### By JANE AUSTEN.

(The only Complete Edition.)

Emma.

Lady Susan and The Watsons.

Mansfield Park.

Northanger Abbey, and Persuasion.

Pride and Prejudice.

Sense and Sensibility.

### By HAWLEY SMART.

Breezie Langton.

### By HELEN MATHERS.

Comin' thro' the Rye.

### By Mrs. NOTLEY.

Olive Varcoe.

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.  
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietor by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by ALFRED CUTHBERT DAVIES at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London—Saturday, 22 February, 1896.